THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD" —

Our civilization is guided by financiers and politicians. Our citizens accept them as their natural leaders. As a result, a social order has arisen different from those known to history. Ancient ideals have become unsuitable in modern life. Thus the institution of the Pilgrimage which had great educative value, which inspired minds and hearts to rise to nobler heights, is lost to us. Even where it exists and is observed, for example among the orthodox Hindu *Tirthakas* or the Muslim Hajis, it is a creedal rite which may bring respect to the "pilgrims," but does not possess the power of mind transmutation.

Leaving aside the minority even of such pilgrims as visit Kashi and Rameshwaram, or Mecca and Medina, or Lourdes and Canterbury, etc., what about the others? Today the secular form of pilgrimage is holidays. Vast populations take advantage of vacations and leaves of different types (casual leave, sick leave, annual leave, etc., which are customary, and now in many cases legally enforced on the employer) to entertain themselves, each according to his tastes and desires. The true Pilgrim is rare; he has given place for the most part to the secular traveller. "Change of air for the body," "freedom from work," the "putting aside of business worries and family concerns," "sight-seeing," and the like allure the tired earner of daily bread and his family. They all use time, money and energy differently from when he and they are in harness at office, home or school. Decent folk —and most are that—desire to forget the routine of life by breathing a cleaner air, drinking different and health-giving waters, consuming "richer and better" foods, seeing different sights and scenes. The glamour exercised by all these strengthens their illusion. It is the bodily and sense life, the mundane mind and morals, which are titillated during holidays. True soul refreshment and mental re-creation are not so gained. That is why so many return home from their vacation a

little refreshed in body but with a sense of disappointment. Holidays and travels do, however, have their uses and are in some ways beneficial—we are not overlooking that.

But the traveller is not the pilgrim. The pilgrim does travel, does glimpse sights and scenes his eye had never beheld, but his vision is fixed upon the Place of Pilgrimage, where his Soul is going. The moral and spiritual purpose of the Pilgrim enables him to gain from new sights and scenes, from new foods and herbs, from new human contacts, moral and intellectual values and an uplift which the traveller misses out. The object of the traveller is his own entertainment; that of the Pilgrim is mental enlightenment, moral uplift and above all some spiritual realization of the Divine.

In these days when life presses hard on millions of men and women and sheer existence demands laborious efforts, it is rarely possible to go on a real pilgrimage. But this Kali-Yuga, our dark cycle, affords us the opportunity to turn ordinary acts and events into sacraments. So we must learn to utilize our short vacations and well-earned office-leave to the very best advantage. Free-Masons go from labour to refreshment; philosophers value re-creation; poets themselves need the repose from work to listen to the Silence singing to them. And did not Jesus himself tell his disciples returning from their holy labour to come apart into a desert place and rest awhile?

But what are true rest and repose? How can we refresh ourselves in real re-creation? Are holidays and vacations to be merely mundane experiences?

Pilgrims go to holy places because these are hallowed by the ideas and images of holy men—saints, seers, sages. Such centres have been called "spiritual seminaries." They recall to the mind the penances and prayers performed, the praises sung, the sermons preached; and the pilgrims try to gain their inspiration and energy for self-purification and soul-enlightenment.

The ordinary holiday-maker is centred in his sensorium; the serious traveller is bent upon educating his brain; the earnest and sincere pilgrim returns home a better-hearted and a nobler man, if he has been able to osmose the merit which is enshrined in the place of pilgrimage, the light which radiates therefrom and the peace which surrounds it.

Thus have I heard:—

> Man is an Eternal Pilgrim. His responsible purpose in life is to visit Holy Places. Thereby he learns to erect within himself the Temple of Seven Shrines.

SHRAVAKA

GANDHIJI ON DEMOCRACY

[We are happy to be able to publish this month, in which Gandhiji's birth anniversary falls, an essay on his ideal of democracy, which demanded of both society and the individual far more than the mere keeping up of the political mechanism of democracy. **Shri Bharatan Kumarappa,** too old and too well-known an exponent of Gandhiji's philosophy to need introduction, here explains that ideal in all its aspects, giving us at each point the words of Gandhiji himself.—ED.]

Gandhiji was one of the greatest democrats that ever lived. He loved man irrespective of race, caste or creed, regarded the human personality as sacred, and gave his life to freeing man from suppression, whether political, social, economic or religious. His views on democracy are, therefore, well worth study, especially as they are so vitally different from what passes for democracy today.

Modern states think that they are democratic if they have adult franchise, whereby people are enabled to elect their own representatives to Government. But the question is how far these representatives really represent the people; for in large groups, such as nations with populations of several millions, in which the voter and the candidates for office can have little personal knowledge of one another, the vote is captured very often not by the most deserving by knowledge and capacity, but by one who has the money to buy up votes, the backing of an influential party or the gift of a long tongue that can carry audiences away with empty promises. Gandhiji, therefore, concluded that real self-government or democracy was possible only in small groups like villages where people knew one another from day to day and had personal relations with one another. So he wrote:—

My idea of Village Swaraj [Self-government] is that it is a complete republic, independent of its neighbours for its vital wants, and yet interdependent for many others in which dependence is a necessity.... The Government of the village will be conducted by the *Panchayat* of five persons, annually elected by the adult villagers, male and female, possessing minimum prescribed qualifications. These will have all the authority and jurisdiction required.... this *Panchayat* will be the legislature, judiciary and executive combined to operate for its year of office.... I have not examined here the question of relations with the neighbouring villages and the centre if any. My purpose is to present an outline of village government. Here there is perfect democracy based upon individual freedom. The individual is the architect of his own government. He and his village are able to defy the might of a world. For the law governing every villager is that he will suffer death in the defence of his

and his village's honour. (*Harijan*, 26-7-'42)

It is important that the village should thus depend on itself for defence, for if it does not it will lose its independence.

But such a decentralized political order requires as its necessary counterpart a decentralized economy, in which each village will produce primarily for its own requirements. For if it does not do this, but corners production for itself through large-scale centralized manufacture, it will work against the self-dependence of other areas. "Therefore we have to concentrate on the village being self-contained, manufacturing mainly for use." (*Harijan*, 29-8-'36) His insistence on the spinning-wheel was merely symbolic of his desire to revive village and cottage manufacture, by means of which people would learn to be self-reliant, be owners of their tools and work on their own initiative:—

> But the ideal of Khadi [hand-spun cloth] has always been as a means, *par excellence*, for the resuscitation of villages and therethrough the generation of real strength among the masses—the strength that will *ipso facto* bring Swaraj.... We have to awaken villagers themselves and make them capable of tackling their own problems and forging ahead through their own strength. (*Swaraj through Charkha*, compiled by Kanu Gandhi, p. 8; 15-9-'45)

Otherwise, in a centralized economy, as under industrialization, the individual loses his independence, becomes a mere employee doing the will of another, and is easily regimented. Moreover, political power is perforce concentrated in the hands of a few and there emerges an all-powerful State which ever increasingly controls every department of the life of the individual—food, clothes, housing, education, health, recreation and travel. The individual is hedged in on all sides by controls and has for all practical purposes forfeited his freedom. Gandhiji disliked this greatly and wrote:—

> I look upon an increase in the power of the State with the greatest fear. (*The Modern Review*, 1935, p. 413)
>
> Self-government means continuous effort to be independent of governmental control.... Swaraj government will be a sorry affair if people look up to it for the regulation of every detail of life. (*Young India*, 6-8-'25)

In an ideal democracy, accordingly, the State will have little or no place, as the individual will manage his own affairs in co-operation with his neighbours.

> There is then a state of enlightened anarchy. In such a state everyone is his own ruler. He rules himself in such a manner that he is never a hindrance to his neighbour. (*Young India*, 2-7-'31)

For this, however, self-restraint should be the guiding principle in the life of an individual under democracy. But modern nations under the influence of industrialization are

ever multiplying wants. Their ideal seems to be not self-restraint but self-indulgence. This leads inevitably to greed and selfishness, and consequently to the monopolization of power and wealth, inequality, colonialism and war, which are the opposites of democracy or true brotherhood. Gandhiji therefore concluded:—

> Swaraj cannot be attained by the erection of huge factories.... Western civilization is a mere baby, a hundred or only fifty years old. And yet it has reduced Europe to a sorry plight. Let us pray that India is saved from the fate that has overtaken Europe where the nations are poised for an attack on one another, and are silent only because of the stockpiling of armaments. Some day there will be an explosion, and then Europe will be a veritable hell on earth. Non-White races are looked upon as legitimate prey by every European State. What else can we expect where covetousness is the ruling passion in the breasts of men? Europeans pounce upon new territories like crows upon a piece of meat. I am inclined to think that this is due to their mass-production factories. (Gandhiji's Conclusion to his Paraphrase of Ruskin's *Unto This Last*, pp. 62 and 63)

Gandhiji wrote this in 1908. The disease which was then in its early stages has now spread, and threatens to destroy the entire world because of policies followed by the big industrialized powers. Gandhiji saw where it would lead, and denounced it with all the indignation of a prophet:—

> It is my firm belief that Europe today represents not the spirit of God or Christianity but the spirit of Satan. ... Europe is today only nominally Christian. In reality it is worshipping Mammon. (*Young India*, 8-9-'20)

> I wholeheartedly detest this mad desire to destroy distance and time, to increase animal appetites and go to the ends of the earth in search of their satisfaction. If modern civilization stands for all this, and I have understood it to do so, I call it Satanic. (*Young India*, 17-3-'27)

Gandhiji was so deeply devoted to the democratic ideal of man as master of himself that he hated for this reason not only industrialization which, with its ceaseless quest for a "high" standard of living, made man a slave to self-indulgence but also drink, tobacco, drugs and contraceptives, which dragged man further into slavery:—

> Drugs and drink are the two arms of the devil with which he strikes his helpless slaves into stupefaction and intoxication. (*Young India*, 22-4-'26)

> The conquest of lust is the highest endeavour of a man or woman's existence. Without overcoming lust man cannot hope to rule over self. And without rule over self there can be no Swaraj or *Rama Raj*. Rule of all without rule of oneself would prove to be as deceptive and disappointing as a painted toy-mango, charming to look at outwardly but hollow and empty within. (*Harijan*, 21-11-'36)

Since democracy is essentially the rule of the individual over himself,

and violence or compulsion is its very antithesis, in that it takes no cognizance of the opponent's right to rule over his own thought and action, violence will never be resorted to by one pledged to true democracy. Thus:—

Democracy and violence can ill go together. (*Harijan*, 12-11-'38)

Our motto must ever be conversion by gentle persuasion and a constant appeal to the head and the heart. We must therefore be ever courteous and patient with those who do not see eye to eye with us. (*Young India*, 29-9-'21)

If, on the contrary, we are today impatient and resort to violence, it is, Gandhiji held, because of a feeling of helplessness and fear on our part due to irreligion or lack of faith in the things of the Spirit:—

This feeling of helplessness in us has really arisen from our deliberate dismissal of God from our common affairs. We have become atheists for all practical purposes. And therefore we believe that in the long run we must rely upon physical force for our protection. (*Young India*, 25-5-'21)

The business of every God-fearing man is to dissociate himself from evil in total disregard of consequences. He must have faith in a good deed producing only a good result; that in my opinion is the *Gita* doctrine of work without attachment. God does not permit him to peep into the future. (*Young India*, 29-12-'20)

Not only in regard to the means, but also for the end, *i.e.*, for the democracy of his conception, Gandhiji depended ultimately on his religion:—

If all that there is in the universe is pervaded by God, that is to say, if the Brahmin and the Bhangi, the learned man and the scavenger, . . . no matter what caste they belong to—if all these are pervaded by God, there is none that is high and none that is low, all are absolutely equal. (*Harijan*, 30-1-'37)

In the purest type of Hinduism, a Brahmin, an ant, an elephant and a dog-eater are of the same status. . . . Hinduism insists on the brotherhood not only of all mankind but of all that lives. It is a conception which makes one giddy, but we have to work up to it. (*Harijan*, 28-3-'36)

The ideal, accordingly, is the realization of God through identification of oneself with all beings.

Man's ultimate aim is the realization of God, and all his activities, social, political, religious, have to be guided by the ultimate aim of the vision of God. The immediate service of all human beings becomes a necessary part of the endeavour, simply because the only way to find God is to see Him in His creation and be one with it. This can only be done by service of all. . . . If I could persuade myself that I should find Him in a Himalayan cave I would proceed there immediately. But I know that I cannot find Him apart from humanity. (*Harijan*, 29-8-'36)

Consequently, under true democracy according to Gandhiji the entire world, being as it were the body

of the Infinite, will be knit together in a single organic whole consisting of small units, self-dependent for all primary needs but mutually helping each other for other purposes:—

Every village will be a republic or *Panchayat* having full powers.... This does not exclude dependence on and willing help from neighbours or from the world. It will be a free and voluntary play of mutual forces.... In this structure composed of innumerable villages, there will be ever widening, never ascending circles. Life will not be a pyramid with the apex sustained by the bottom. But it will be an oceanic circle whose centre will be the individual always ready to perish for the village, the latter ready to perish for the circle of villages, till at last the whole becomes one life composed of individuals, never aggressive in their arrogance but ever humble, sharing the majesty of the oceanic circle of which they are integral units. Therefore, the outermost circumference will not wield power to crush the inner circle but will give strength to all within and derive its own strength from it.... Let India live for this true picture, though never realizable in its completeness. (*Harijan*, 28-7-'46)

What a profound contrast between this picture and that presented by modern "democracies," highly centralized, arrogant and lustful, seeking to divide the world among themselves by sheer brute force!

BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS RELATING TO GANDHIJI

BY BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

An effort has been made in this list to guide the general reader interested in Gandhiji's teachings and life to a few books which will give him a working knowledge of them. All the books are in English. Those wishing for more such literature may write for a List of Publications in English to the Navajivan Publishing House, P.O. Navajivan, Ahmedabad 14, India.—B.K.

I. BOOKS BY GANDHIJI

A. TEACHINGS

Sarvodaya or The Welfare of All: Contains the essence of his philosophy in regard to all aspects of life; pp. xii+200; Rs. 2-8-0; postage, etc., As. 13.

For Pacifists: A brief collection of extracts on Pacifism and Non-violence from Gandhiji's writings; pp. vii+106; Re. 1-4-0; postage, etc., As. 5.

Hind Swaraj: Written in 1908, it contains in essence Gandhiji's later teachings on various topics; pp. xii+68; As. 8; postage, etc., As 3.

Hindu Dharma: contains the extended meaning which Gandhiji gave to Hinduism as a living faith which motivated his life; pp. xx+443; Rs. 4; postage, etc., Re. 1-2-0.

Towards Non-Violent Socialism: Shows how we may apply non-violence to the solving of present-day economic problems in India; pp. xii+164; Rs. 2; postage, etc., As. 14.

Women and Social Injustice: Deals with problems arising out of women's present position in India; pp. xi+207; Rs. 3; postage, etc., Re. 1.

Towards New Education: Gandhiji's criticism of the educational system introduced by the British in India, and his own ideas as to what Indian education should be; pp. vi+90; Re. 1-4-0; postage, etc., As. 5.

Key to Health: Gandhiji's exposition of natural ways of maintaining health as against the use of drugs; pp. xxvi+83; As. 10; postage, etc., As. 3.

B. LIFE

Autobiography (*My Experiments with Truth*): Contains an account of his life from childhood to 1921. He here opens his heart and tells of the formative influences which played on him, and of his various experiments in living in accordance with his ideals; pp. viii+640; Rs. 7; postage, etc., Re. 1-9-0.

Autobiography (abridged): In addition to the above, Gandhiji wrote a companion volume entitled *Satyagraha in South Africa*, giving details about his Satyagraha movement in that country. The matter of both volumes, running into almost 1,000 pages, has here been abridged; pp. xi+294; Rs. 2; postage, etc., As. 13.

II. BOOKS BY OTHERS

A. ANTHOLOGIES

Selections from Gandhiji: By NIRMAL KUMAR BOSE; pp. xxiii+311; Rs. 4; postage, etc., Re. 1.

The Mind of Mahatma Gandhi: By R. K. PRABHU and U. R. RAO; Oxford University Press; pp. 225; Rs. 4.

B. BIOGRAPHIES

The Life of Mahatma Gandhi: By LOUIS FISCHER, in one volume; Signet Publication. The New American Library, New York; 25 cents. Also in two volumes, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Publication.

The Mahatma: By D. G. TENDULKAR, in eight volumes, each volume about 450 pages and 110 illustrations; price per volume Rs. 30 or £3/ or $9; postage, etc., Rs. 2; price per set Rs. 220 or £20 or $70, delivered free; available from Publications Department, *The Times of India*, Bombay, or from leading bookshops.

Books in the above list not bearing the name of a publisher are publications of the Navajivan Publishing House, established by Gandhiji as a Public Trust for broadcasting his ideas on a non-profit-making basis. They may be ordered from the Manager, Navajivan Publishing House, P.O. Navajivan, Ahmedabad 14, India. Payment of the price of the books plus postage should accompany the order and should be in the form of a Bank Draft or Postal Order in Indian rupees. Other books bearing the name of a publisher should be ordered direct from the publisher concerned.—B.K.

RESISTANCE

[Through the courtesy of Professor A. Closs of the University of Bristol, England, we are privileged to bring out this graphically written chapter of *The Silent Tarn* in advance of the posthumous publication of this third volume of the trilogy on the Albigensian struggle by his late talented and high-minded wife, **Mrs. Hannah Closs.** In her passing away late in 1953 THE ARYAN PATH lost a good friend whom many of its readers will remember as the contributor of several thoughtful and valuable articles which have appeared in its pages during recent years. *The Silent Tarn,* we understand, is to be published shortly in a single volume with its previously published predecessors, *High Are the Mountains* and *And Sombre the Valleys.* The admirable study, "The Albigensian Struggle for Spiritual Freedom: What It Means for Us Today," which the late Mrs. Closs had prepared especially for discussion at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, was published in our June 1951 issue.—ED.]

The road lay up-stream at first, skirting the river till at Montgaillard, a narrower track turned in among the hills. Beyond, the high-road continued a little, then it forked eastwards towards the Sabarthez. It was a region that for the last years Wolf had avoided, too full as it was of memories. But today those dreaded images had little power to rise. Bewildered by the events of the past hour, he rode quickly, as though mechanically impelled by the mission whose full significance he had as yet not even made clear to himself. This morning, starting from Durban, he had never thought it possible that he would become the emissary of peace. Till now he had given himself no time to think how Perelha might accept the news but rode as fast as he could, his mind fixed on the goal. In spite of the sympathy that had awakened between the two of them at the time of Ramon's visit, he had not seen him since. The shyness that since the tragedy in the Sabarthez had withheld him from contact with others, added to his doubts as to what might be Ramon's reaction to his attitude towards the renewal of the war, had kept him from following up the other's invitation to Lavelanet.

How then would he receive him today? Somehow all that seemed to matter were the tidings themselves—that Ramon, above everyone, should be made to understand their necessity. But, though Mirepoix might testify to his father-in-law's common sense, Perelha, in his quiet stern way, might prove as truculent as Roger himself. The man was attached to his estates as the lichen to the rock. He'd never brook interference from the French. Involuntarily Wolf raised his head and saw with surprise and relief that he had already ridden far along the

track that branched off from the road leading towards the Sabarthez. He might already be on Perelha's lands.

On either side, the valley slopes were clothed in the pale green of the young corn (Ramon obviously, he noted with an experienced eye, lived up to his reputation as a farmer) but far away, above a dark belt of virgin forest, a turreted mass of rock rose so sharply fretted against the sky that it was difficult to conceive that it was built by human hand. Yet it must be the fort. He recalled how once, on the hunt, his father, hawk on hand, had pointed to what he called Perelha's eagle's eyrie.

Suddenly the image of Ramon-Roger of Foix rose before him with overwhelming clarity—that gloriously self-confident figure, gazing scornfully from its imperious height upon the tongue-tied boy whose dreams and foibles he would wither in one single phrase of his eloquence. From the first they had been at loggerheads. The Sabarthez affair had only been, Wolf knew, the final blow he had dealt his father in a lifetime of his disappointments. They had never met again till he had been called to the deathbed at Foix.

It was a mercy, Wolf reflected, he could not see him on his embassy today. And yet there was a time, it flashed on him ironically, when he himself had played Roger's part, inveighing furiously against his father's pusillanimity in making a treaty with Montfort and the Pope. Was he now to learn something of his suffering, to understand too late the man he had always fled? But their concept of peace, he thought bitterly, had nothing in common. What, by the way, could Roger have muttered about his father and peace? He remembered the day he had been called to his deathbed, so late that he had arrived only just in time to witness his parting breath. For a moment, as he had stood, awkward and useless beside his legitimate brother, it had seemed that his father's eyes had opened and been directed towards him, that his lips had even struggled to speak. But Roger had bent between them. If words had really fallen from the dying lips only his brother had heard them and for whom else could they have been meant? All his life there had been no understanding between them. Why should it be different in the end? The proud and silent countenance lying motionless upon the pillows had betrayed no sign that its last utterance had not been understood.

Vengeance—no, of course, Wolf dispelled his momentary uncertainty—it was surely with that thought his father had breathed his last breath. Futile, he told himself, to imagine there could ever have been understanding between them. The consciousness that he himself had

once been guilty of the same attitude only stiffened his intransigence. But today—the thought whipped him with a strange sort of exhilaration—it seemed to him almost that by this mission of peace on which he had been sent forth he might redeem something in himself.

* * * * *

The last lap of the serpentine path was steep, so steep that even on that spring day his horse was drenched in sweat. And, when at last he arrived at the summit, it was only to hear that Ramon Perelha had ridden over to the other fort to see about some reinforcements. Little use to ride after him, one of the guards insisted, he might very likely return by the other road. Probably he'd be back within the hour, certainly before sunset.

Wolf hesitated. If he set out to meet him, he might well miss him. His horse was tired. Probably he could borrow another beast, but still the chances of meeting Perelha were small. After some consideration he decided to wait and, handing his horse to the man, climbed the steps to the keep.

Inside, the place was cold and silent. All life was gathered on the towers, on the ramparts. He could hear them on all sides, hammering, chiselling, fixing the mortars and catapults in the slits. The noise fretted him like the incessant hum of some futile activity. Thinking, with relief, that it would soon be proved vain and useless, and anxious to collect and prepare himself for delivering his message, he decided to wait in the hall.

It appeared to be empty, except for some young squire or page, sitting, his back towards him, in the embrasure of the window, cleaning a bit of armour and evidently so engrossed in his work that he did not even glance up. He had advanced desultorily some way across the floor before the figure turned, stared a moment and then sprang so suddenly to its feet that the half-polished helmet fell clattering to the ground.

"Wolf — "

He had stopped short, smitten with confusion. The gleaming coppery hair was after all only looped into the collar of the hauberk.

"I thought," he stammered, "you were a boy—your brother perhaps —your hair—"

"But he's dark. Besides," she added, with an air of self-importance, "he's only a child."

"And you?" he laughed, but, regarding the slim young figure before him, stopped short. The hauberk was two sizes too large, but from beneath it the small, taut breasts moulded the pliant mesh of steel. "You've grown a lot," he admitted.

"Luckily." She pulled herself to her full height. "Or I'd have found

nothing to fit. Look," she cried, and, lifting a sword that was lying on the window-seat, swung it in both hands—"I've learned that too. You see," she ran on with confident frankness as though they were friends whose lifelong companionship had only been interrupted for a time, "they sent me for a year to my aunt's on the Aude—to see whether she couldn't tame me and teach me manners, but it wasn't much use. I was fearfully bored till I made friends with an old armourer. He taught me all about swords and spears and arquebuses and even preparing the molten lead. I help them out there," she nodded towards the ramparts, "but then I thought I must get my own armour ready. He taught me to clean that too. By the way, he seemed to know you. He'd been Trencavel's armourer at Carcassonne. His name is Pons."

"Pons—" Wolf echoed bewildered. But of course—"Is he still alive?"

"Yes, only he's frightfully old—he wanted to go back to Carcassonne when the French cleared out, but the young Viscount wouldn't even look at him. Just offered him a ducat through one of his courtiers. I believe it hurt him more than if he'd been hit in the face."

"He was proud, old Pons, even then," Wolf murmured, moved by a sharp, fierce sympathy that he had not felt in the days when the armourer had scarcely managed to disguise his jealousy of Trencavel's young favourite. "I'm afraid he didn't care for me very much," he added regretfully.

She shrugged. "Oh, he just didn't like your games. All those newfangled sports, he called them, you tried on with Trencavel—throwing light javelins and wrestling unarmed—and the rest. But I think it must have been rather fun. Still it's no use in war. And now they're going to attack us."

"I don't think they will," Wolf answered.

"You mean they won't get so far? But you can't be sure. They did before, you know. But we're all prepared. The ramparts are just bristling," she cried eagerly, "Count Roger asked us to see everything's in order. Is that what you came about?" she continued in one and the same breath. "If so, you can tell him. I'm in charge here till father comes back," she explained. "He's ridden over to our other fort to see everything's being prepared all right there too."

"I don't think it'll be necessary," he repeated.

"Oh, the place is very strong," she explained, misunderstanding his meaning, "but father wants to make sure. All of us are doing the same roundabout. "We'll make Toulouse sit up and even the French if they

venture. They never thought that we'd resist since all the others deserted. It's rather grand being the only ones, isn't it?" There was such a light in her face that he waited before he spoke.

"We're not resisting," he said at last.

She gazed at him blankly. "You mean Count Ramonet's won over King Louis? They say he's generous. They're letting us keep our independence?" But there was almost a note of disappointment in her voice.

He shook his head. "We're making peace."

"Peace?" She stared at him uncomprehending.

"Yes. We're meeting the French embassy at the Pas de la Barre—to sign the treaty." But the very quietness of his voice made it sound all the more unreal.

She took a step forward and halted. Standing there motionless, the sword planted before her, gripping the hilt in both hands, she fixed her eyes upon him, like a living indictment. "But it's impossible. Count Roger promised. He'd never give in."

"He saw in the end it was the only way."

"But why? Father said we could hold out for months — "

"Perhaps—right in here—in the mountains. But it would be useless in the end, and only make things much worse for the rest. The more we resist, the worse the reprisals—Ramonet threatened — "

But her face lit up with renewed hope and scorn. "Count Ramonet —D'you think we're afraid of him? D'you know what they call him?" She laughed aloud. "D'you think we'd listen a minute—you can ask father — "

"Ask what?" A voice sounded from behind them. Ramon Perelha stood framed in the doorway. The next second she was dashing forward and flinging herself upon her father's breast.

"He says—he came to tell you—but it's impossible—" her voice was lost in angry sobbing.

Freeing himself gently from her clasp, Ramon Perelha stepped forward into the room.

"What's wrong? Has anything happened to Count Roger?" he began anxiously.

Wolf had stooped down, mechanically picking up the sword that Esclarmonde had dropped, unheeding in her despair. He shook his head. "I come from Foix—I was to tell you that there will be no resistance. We are signing the peace."

Ramon Perelha's expression hardly changed. Only his straight square

figure grew perhaps still more upright. "You mean—it is Count Roger's wish?"

Wolf nodded.

"But it *can't* be." Esclarmonde turned to her father imploringly. "Count Roger promised!" Suddenly her face contorted. "It's he," she cried wildly, gazing at Wolf in anguished hate, "he's talked him over—he doesn't believe in fighting and so he thinks that everyone else is a coward — "

"Be quiet," her father muttered. "You'd best go out on the ramparts whilst we talk it over," he commanded more sharply, as his daughter still stood staring before her, her hands and body quivering with misery and rage. "But say nothing as yet to the men." She seemed scarcely to hear. As if bracing herself to a great effort, she made suddenly for the door.

* * * * *

Mirepoix's prognostications as to his father-in-law's reactions proved, as Wolf discovered, not very far wrong. Indeed he almost gained the impression that had any other than Peire-Roger acted as courier and emissary, Ramon Perelha would have needed few arguments to convince him of the hopelessness of the situation. Loyalty to Roger had been after all Perelha's main incentive to resistance. True, his attitude towards Ramonet was one of impatience and scorn, and the thought of possible French vigilance being imposed in the district caused him for a moment to hesitate. None the less he had spent too much time in restoring his estates during the last years not to feel thankful that they would be spared further ravages. His was indeed the slow, quiet philosophy that comes of age-long contact with the soil and recognized the futility of useless resistance. All things, he had often enough forced himself to admit, have their appointed seasons and temporary darkness did not exclude a new awakening. That that awakening might necessarily herald in a better age he did not delude himself. Each time it might be for the better or for the worse—the cycle of life continued in repeated spirals. Wolf, confronted with his sober realism, found the fervent arguments with which he had been kindled by Roger's hot-headed pugilism and Mirepoix' flippancy gradually sound somehow almost rhetorical.

It was dusk before he left, but he refused Perelha's invitation to stay. He could count he had won a victory. Not only had Perelha, though grudgingly, shown himself in favour of concluding the peace, but he was ready to wager that his opinion would be shared by nearly all his neighbours. He could promise that Roger's decision was unlikely

to meet with real dissent. And yet Wolf, riding back the way he had come, was aware of a sense of failure. It was to the child that he should have presented those arguments, the meaning of peace, the foundation of a unity on which true peace could at last be built—something far beyond Roger's waiting for vengeance or Mirepoix's speculations on the subtle relationships of papal diplomacy and lust, beyond even Ramon's fatalistic acceptance of fact. But she had fled. He saw her again, standing before him in her boy's hauberk—the sharp, small breasts quivering under the clear shining mail, her leaf-green eyes darkening with tears and scorn.

But, at Durban, Honoria, when she heard the news, would turn to him with a look that he had always hoped to see. He tried to figure it and couldn't —

It was already dark. He had to ride warily through the woods. Beyond there was a house—the manor, he remembered vaguely. He had passed it as he rode up. Lights glowed under the eaves—a smell of dung and fodder and then from the darker blur of the hedge, a fragrance—roses?

A laugh like tinkling glass—behind the trellis of the pleasance in Carcassonne—and he had stood powerless to move, petrified as the hexagonal fount, the clipped symmetric beds of flowers, whilst Mirepoix's white fingers groped in the trailing folds of Agnes of Montpellier's dress, unhooking the clinging briar. Roses—*Rosa mundi*—was it the voice of Father Gregorius or himself intoning the Marianic hymn amongst the choir-boys of Bolbona? But if a rose is more than a rose? He had posed the question himself, lying there with his sprained ankle, listening to Sicard's minstrel friends —

With a sudden effort he spurred on his horse. It was still a fair way even to Foix. Roger, he trusted, would be feeling too bitter to detain him long and then he would ride straight on through the night to Durban.

Once more he tried to think with what a sense of triumph he would be able to confront Honoria. It was only when he saw the crenellated ramparts of Foix towering darkly above the river and thought of the violated hostel on the Arise that he remembered once more that the treaty would fail to spare Durban any more than had Roger's soldiers and that from the peace which he had been preaching with such fervour, Honoria and he would be shut out.

HANNAH CLOSS

THE BRITISH INFLUENCE ON INDIAN RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR THOUGHT

[Our esteemed contributor, **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar,** here offers mature reflections on what India gained and can retain from the British impact on her intellectual life. Such reflections are important now; for there is some danger of India's losing much that was valuable in the experience in a merely passionate repudiation of everything connected with the British rule.—ED.]

Eighteenth-century India can best be described as a waste land, with a sandstorm sweeping over it. The West had chosen to invade India: the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French and the British were principally involved in the invasion, with stray Italians, Danes, Germans and others casually thrown in. The invasion came in three waves, and sometimes the three waves merged into one. The merchants came to make quick money, the missionaries came to save pagan souls, and the soldier-politician came to achieve the conquest of the country. For India, of course, the West was an alien world, alluring and alarming at the same time. On the other hand, the West in India was also a self-divided world; there were three or four nations warring with one another—the Portuguese gave no quarter to the Dutch, nor the French to the British, while the Catholic looked askance at the Protestant and his sub-varieties. Moreover, this triple invasion unfortunately coincided with the break-up of the Moghul Empire—or was there, after all, a causal connection between the two? Be that as it may, Shah Jehan's imperial Delhi was now a city of terror and confusion, and India presented to the world a pitiful spectacle:—

> ...violence
> Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
> Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.

After the first furious shocks of the Western impact, India went through a "dark" age, a period, shall we say, of suspended animation. Vitality and the zest for life were at the vanishing point, spirituality glowed but in fitful embers, and intellectual activity was nearly at a standstill. For the possession of this numb body, the struggle raged with incalculable fury—war lord against war lord, exploiter against exploiter, fanatic against fanatic, crook against crook. In the end the British emerged as the paramount power in the country and, in the comparative tranquillity that followed, India revived again, rationalized her reactions to the Western—and especially the British—impact, and turned them to fruitful use. The sandstorm-ridden waste-land period was over at last. There was a new

vitality, a fresh start of spring bloom. The dormant intellectual and critical impulse was now quickened into sudden life, a new efflorescence was visible everywhere, and the reawakening Indian spirit went forth to meet the violent challenge of the values of modern science and the civilization of the West. It is an extraordinary story of endurance, assimilation and integral transformation.

The foreigner in India, once he had planted his feet firmly enough on the soil, adopted divers means to achieve the conquest of the mind and heart and soul of the people of India. Now the missionary, now the administrator, took the decisive step: and they received tepid or enthusiastic support, as it chanced, now from the emancipated Indian, now from the enlightened Englishman in India. There was opposition too, sometimes feeble, sometimes effective. The sinister deadweight of the Past often pitted itself against the seductive promises of the Future.

Obscurantism presented a mulish front against progress; prejudices —racial, religious, national—filled the air with a fog of misunderstanding; and, although there were not wanting sturdy men who were endowed with a sense of direction and were capable of determined endeavour, for the time being all was tentative, half-hearted, indeed even half-headed. Yet surely the seeds of regeneration were being scattered, with whatever immediate aims and imperfect means, and the soil too, having lain fallow so long, was eager to receive them. Thus the introduction of the printing press into India, the launching of the first Indian newspapers, and the institution of the new schools and colleges, however generally their potentialities might have been missed at first, were destined in course of time to revolutionize the climate of thought and faith in the country.

The printing press was the missionary's principal engine of evangelism. Towards the end of the 16th century, the English Jesuit, Thomas Stephens, the first Englishman to visit India, published *Krista-Purana* in Marathi-Konkani, and also a Konkani grammar. The first printed Tamil works were *Kristava Vedopadesa* (1677) and *Kristava Vanakkam* (1679). Ziegenbalg and Schultze published translations of the Bible in Tamil and Telugu, respectively, while De Nobili and Fabricius came out with books of Tamil prayers and hymns. In the 18th century, Fr. Beschi carved out for himself a small niche in Tamil literature with his epic, *Tembavani*. The next step was the publication of secular literature in the regional languages, as also books in English for local consumption.

Prose in the indigenous languages was at first an artificial creation, meant to serve the purpose of the Christian missionary or the British

administrator. But presently—especially after 1835, when licensing was abolished—secular literature of all kinds came to be published, and the classics of Indian literature and of secular and religious thought were also printed, though not always accurately. English classics like the plays of Shakespeare (for example, *The Merchant of Venice* and *Cymbeline*), *Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels, Rasselas* and *Hypatia* were translated or adapted into the vernacular, and new Indian writing freely imitated Western models in poetry, drama, fiction and other literary forms. The vernacular was also used in text-books in Geometry, Physiology, Surgery and General Science.

Prose literature was born indeed, though as yet its movements were cumbrous and its steps unsure; and there was the stir of new life in the various regional literatures. The very structure of the Indian languages and their syntax underwent some changes consequent on the Western impact, and there was frequent word-borrowing from English. "Modern Marathi literature," writes Mr. V. P. Dandekar in *Modern India and the West*, "may be said to have begun with the advent of British rule in Maharashtra." "...Our prose literature, and also our dramatic works," write Dr. Raja Shyam Behari Misra and Mr. Sakhdeo Behari Misra in the same book, "...are for all practical purposes the product of Western influence and culture alone"; and it is more or less the same story in the other modern regional literatures in India. *The shock of the Western impact turned the sod, while English literature fertilized the field: and in due course modern Indian literature was born.*

The violent impact of an alien civilization meant also association with Western culture and English literature, and the printing press opened the gates for the flood of new ideas, new values, and new intimations of the Spirit. Things could no more be quite as they had been before. Not only Christian mysticism and dogma, but also Western thinkers like Bacon, Burke, Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Emerson, Thoreau, Carlyle, Ruskin and, later, Morley, Marx and Lenin have quickened the development of a national literature in the country.

Keshub Chandra Sen said a century ago: "Politically and intellectually England is our master." And only ten years ago, the editors of the Bengali journal *Nirukta* confessed: "The real thing is that we are naturally interested in English literature and we want to develop Bengali literature on the same lines."[1] And Dr. Radhakrishnan

[1] Quoted by LILA RAY in *A Challenging Decade* (1953), p. 34.

remarked recently at the time of the inauguration of the Sahitya Akadami that "the intellectual renaissance through which India was passing was to no small extent due to the impact of Western culture on Indian society." The impact has no doubt lost much of its original violence and force, but it has not ceased altogether: the attack is renewed in wave upon wave—the Cinema, the Radio, the Penguin Books, the American Pocket Books, the Digests and the illustrated papers being some of the fresh forms assumed by the attack from the West. And however passionately we may—as we perhaps ought to—cling to our roots, the roots of our immemorial traditions and our separate racial or national identity, we cannot fail to respond to these incessant solicitations from the West. The process of cross-fertilization is thus a continuous one, and *the West and India are being more and more implicated in each other's life-ways.*

The introduction of the printing press inevitably led to the birth of newspapers and the evolution of the "Fourth Estate," a formidable power in the modern world. *The Bengal Gazette*, edited by Gangadhar Bhattacharya, came out in 1816. Missionaries as well as the laity (both Indian and English) contributed to the growth of the press in India. Government at first sought to control the press with an iron hand, but when Rammohan Roy, Dwarakanath Tagore and some others signed an important petition stressing "the native right of all men, the free access to knowledge and opinion without the intervention of any authority to say what is good for them or not," more liberal ideas came to prevail. In 1879, 20 English papers and 200 papers in the regional languages were published in India, and the numbers have gone up steadily ever since. Papers like Tilak's *Kesari*, Sri Aurobindo's *Bande Mataram* and Gandhiji's *Young India*—to name only three here—have helped to give the "Fourth Estate" in India a status and an influence commensurate with the rôle it has to play in the competitive modern world.

The third engine of revolution was the new educational policy of the Government of India, which provided for instruction through the English medium, and for the dissemination of modern scientific knowledge. Books are bought or distributed, newspapers are read or discussed, but systematic instruction in an educational institution is on a different footing altogether. The first missionaries did not think immediately of establishing schools in India, though the missionaries of a later day were to make education one of the principal items in their programme of action. The indigen-

ous *Pathashalas* were in a moribund condition, unable or unwilling to cope with the challenge from the West.

As for the early Anglo-Indian administrators, they were often—like a Sir William Jones or a Henry Thomas Colebrooke—more interested in drinking deep at the fountain of Sanskrit literature than in trying to educate the people of India through English. The Madrasa for the Muslims was established by Warren Hastings in Calcutta in 1780, and the Sanskrit College at Banaras was established by Cornwallis 12 years later. Attempts were made to develop Sanskrit itself into a national language, and a few books were actually translated from English into Sanskrit. So, far from trying to push English down the throats of unwilling Indians, the early British Indian administrator was fascinated by Sanskrit and wished to make it the medium of teaching at the higher levels.

But there were other forces operating in a very different direction. The redoubtable Rammohan Roy compared the old education to European scholasticism and pleaded for a Baconian modern education through English so that India too might be set on the path of progress. The Hindu College at Calcutta owed its foundation to the endeavours of Rammohan Roy, David Hare and Sir Hyde East, and was run in the beginning by voluntary contributions. In Madras, as early as 1838, a colloquial knowledge of English was (as noted by C. E. Trevelyan) "a much more common acquirement...than in Bengal." English was gaining ground, and the Orientalists were fighting a rear-guard action. In 42 years the Calcutta Madrasa had accumulated a library of but 12 volumes, and so came in for justifiable ridicule. The College at Banaras was no better, and languished, as it were, on account of pernicious anæmia. Meantime the founding of the Hindu College at Calcutta had been followed by the starting of other colleges at Bombay, Delhi and Madras. And Macaulay and Lord William Bentinck's Government merely took note of the hard realities of the situation when they decided on education through the English medium alone.

The new educational policy was soon found to be a pronounced success: in 1860-1, there were fewer than 4,000 collegiate students in all India, the number going up to 17,356 in 1907; 61,000 in 1917; and 83,890 in 1927. English education had evidently "come to stay": and today, seven years after independence, it stays still, though not without a certain ambiguity in aim and failure in function.

It has been correctly remarked that modern India is largely the

creation of the last 100 years. By 1860, the rule of the East India Company was over, and British rule had effectively commenced. The first railway had been laid in 1853, the first telegraph wires hummed in 1854, the Universities of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay were started by 1859, and our Legislative Councils began functioning from 1861. British ways of life were gaining currency in our cities and towns. British games—tennis, cricket, golf, football, hockey—were played on our fields and grounds. The tuft disappeared, being replaced by the crop; the suit and the hat displaced the *dhoti* and the turban. English literature was studied with avidity, and English was spoken even in one's home. Muslim culture too underwent an eclipse, and renascent activity took the shape of the Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh (1875). A new generation grew up in the towns and the cities, completely Anglicized in outlook and given to derogation of things Indian. Wandering between two worlds, the dead Past and the unborn Future, the newly educated Indian became, for all his airs of superiority and self-assurance, an utterly rootless creature, without convictions, without controlling foci or regulating frames of reference. It was all bright tinsel, not pure gold.

Nevertheless, the more alert Indian spirits were quick to see in the juxtaposition of the two civilizations an opportunity for a new synthesis between the West and the East. Prof. Arnold Toynbee has noted that revolt against orthodox Hinduism has more than once taken fire from the impact of an alien religion: thus Guru Nanak, inspired partly by Islam, founded Sikhism; thus too Rammohan Roy and his friends, inspired by Christianity, founded the Brahmo Samaj in the 19th century. Rammohan, Keshub Chandra Sen and Dwarakanath Tagore were wise and learned men, and their aim was to reconcile Hindu spirituality with Christian ethics: the Veda with the New Testament. They came to build, not to destroy: to clear away the rubbish and the weeds, not to lay iconoclastic hands on the main structure or weaken its immemorial foundations. Not the New Testament alone, but English writers like Bacon, Hume and Emerson also gave a stimulus to the new movement. The Samaj declared itself against caste, *sati*, idol-worship and other incidental accretions or separable accidents of Hinduism, and paved the way for many desirable social reforms.

But Christianity itself soon came in for much criticism. The opportunism of de Nobili, who had brazenly passed himself off as a Brahmin and organized a caste-ridden Indian Christian Church, and the easy diplomatic Christianity

of the Danish Lutherans, Ziegenbalg and Plutshin, who likewise permitted caste distinctions within the Church, were not calculated to raise the prestige of Indian Christianity. The example of professing Christians—the foreign exploiters—was equally revolting. No wonder Hindus thought that the Christian religion as actually practised was really "devil religion."[2] Orthodox Hindus and protestant Hindus often joined hands to attack the methods of the missionaries and their sneers against Hindu religion and spirituality, while a book like Paine's *Age of Reason* gave the counter-attacking Indian critic ready-made ammunition to discomfit the would-be saviour of lost pagan souls.

Following in the wake of the Brahmo Samaj, new movements gave renascent Hinduism a vigour and a freshness that came like ambrosial monsoon showers after the long bleakness of winter and the gruelling aridity of summer. The Veda Samaj (1864) had but a brief vogue in Madras, but the Prarthana Samaj in Bombay, of which Mr. Justice Ranade was once the moving spirit; the Arya Samaj which Dayanand Sarasvati founded in the Punjab in 1875; the Ramakrishna Mission which, founded by Vivekananda in 1897, has achieved by now a well-nigh global influence; the Theosophical Movement, which under the leadership of Colonel Olcott, William Q. Judge, Madame Blavatsky and Annie Besant popularized a convincing form of religious eclecticism; Gandhism, that singular mixture of evangelical humanism, Puritan ardour, ethical extremism and revolutionary nationalism; and the Yogashram at Pondicherry which grew around Sri Aurobindo during the last 40 years of his life and sought to shoot a revealing light into the splendorous panorama of the Spirit's landscape—these are so many centres of the new life, in which the evolutionary destiny of the human race is being safeguarded and advanced. During the past six or seven decades, numerous dissertations on Hindu religion and philosophy have appeared in English as also in the regional languages. Commentaries on the Vedas and the Upanishads, the Vedanta and the *Gita*, and on the other constituents of our heritage, are legion. Not unreasonably, Western criteria are often applied, and Western formulæ of expression are found serviceable. On the other hand, the actual bearing of distinctively Western thought on works like, say, Vivekananda's matchless exposition of the different systems of Yoga, Tilak's *Gita Rahasya*, or Sri Aurobindo's book, *The Life Divine*, is negligible. *What Western thought has really done is to help*

[2] *Modern India and the West*, edited by L. S. S. O'Malley (1951), p. 51.

Hinduism (or Islam) to restate its fundamentals in a manner intelligible to thinking men in the West no less than to the East.

On the other hand, the searchlight of Western thought has proved no mean factor in awakening our social conscience, crystallizing our reactions to the abuses in our midst, and devising the means necessary to eliminate them. The abolition of slavery; the steady rise in the status of women, a slow return to the large freedom and self-respect of the Vedic Age and a movement out of the stifling grooves of convention forged in later times; legislation relating to widow remarriage, to divorce, to the prevention of *sati*, child marriage and polygamy and to women's right to own property: removal of the social disabilities of the "untouchables" or Harijans: the loosening of the rigidity of caste regulations—the light and driving force of Western thought have played a worthy part in all this.

Men have now learned to respect women and to treat them neither as dolls nor as slaves, but as fellow human beings, fellow citizens of the Republic of India. The shift is from group, class, or caste mentality—herd mentality, that is—to an attitude that looks upon each individual—man, woman, child, Brahmin or Harijan—as a unique power and personality, a vessel of the immortal Spirit. Of course, the Past, though seemingly dead, reappears in a new garb: political groups or parties, linguistic fanaticisms, administrative, managerial and academic hierarchies, now tend to stratify into new castes with all the old defects, and some more superadded. It is to be hoped that this is only a temporary phase.

The influence of English thought on our legal and political life is also very considerable. The Indian Penal Code, originally drafted by Macaulay, is really English criminal law, but without much of its extravagance and uncertainty. "...the English have given to India," says Viscount Bryce, "such parts of their own law (somewhat simplified in form) as India seemed fitted to receive."[3] Through codification, law has acquired both definiteness and a certain mandatory vigour. Our Union Constitution too bears the impress of British thought. "The Magna Charta," says Shri K. M. Munshi, "transplanted to America in the 18th century and brought into Indian law in its modern form by British and Indian judges and legislators, forms an integral part of our Constitution."[4]

Our political thought has been

[3] Quoted in *Modern India and the West*, p. 114.

[4] *Our Greatest Need* (1953), p. 160.

influenced to an equally pronounced extent by Western, and more particularly British, thought. The Sarvajanika Sabha of Poona (1870), the Calcutta Indian Association (1878), and the Indian National Congress (1885), owed their prime inspiration to the diffusion of liberal ideas from the West, while in more recent times Socialism, Marxism and Leninism have won their respective circles of adherents. If an earlier generation quoted Burke, Mill and Morley, the generation that grew up between the two world wars found inspiration in the works of Shaw, the Webbs and Laski. No doubt, political leaders like Tilak, Sri Aurobindo and Mahatma Gandhi were no pale mimics of Western political thought. Their roots reached down to the centres of our racial culture, and their political philosophy was Indian in a dynamic (and not in a merely revivalist) sense. They stormed the gates of achievement, carrying the masses with them, for this very reason. But in the external terminology of our political thought, in the forms and methods of our political life and in our education in the alphabet of democratic theory and parliamentary practice, the British example has certainly helped.

Although India is now an independent country, the influence of the West (and Britain is for us still the eyes and ears of the West, the window that opens to us the far horizons of the West) has not ceased, and is not likely to cease. But it has now become a two-way traffic. While Indians are responsive to Western writers and thinkers like an Eliot, an Orwell, an Edwin Muir, a Mauriac, a Schweitzer, the West too has realized the insufficiency of her ethos and now turns to thinkers, statesmen and seers like Jawaharlal Nehru, Radhakrishnan, Sri Aurobindo, Ramana Maharshi and Mahatma Gandhi for working out her salvation.

The West gave us models and techniques for experimenting on a number of new literary forms, and gave us also the example of a vigorous and versatile culture. In the arts of life and of death, the West is supreme. But Death increasingly seems to call the tune in the Western world. India may yet succeed in carrying humanity's evolutionary destiny to further heights of achievement, discovering the clue to world sanity and world peace. The time is not far off—or so at least one hopes—when happily we shall cease to think that some are of the East and others of the West. Civilization is a stupendous co-operative adventure, and all of us are equally involved in the adventure; and it is as a world-embracing human family that the race will discover and fulfil its true mission on earth.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

THE WRITER IN THE WEST

[The following article, as provocative as it is obviously sincere, is by a valued contributor to THE ARYAN PATH, **Mr. Dennis Gray Stoll**, the author of *The Dove Found No Rest, Man in Ebony* and several other works. Western journals, it would seem from this article, may not be free to publish, without embarrassment or worse, an expression of opinion so frank and a warning so pointed as this essay contains. The writer in free India finds himself in a less difficult position from the point of view of freedom of speech. The pages of THE ARYAN PATH, moreover, are open to all views, and we are glad to publish so courageous and outspoken an article as this. It presents an aspect of truth which needs and merits calm consideration.—ED.]

What do they tell us plainly of new opinions when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the newest opinion of all, and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at a distance from us?—JOHN MILTON, *Areopagitica*

The writer in the West has been driven into a peculiar corner. In an age when all about him is communication—newspapers, television, radio, cinema, theatre—he is able to say less of what he really thinks and feels than ever before. Why is this? Does the blame lie with him, or with society?

Our society today is technically very highly organized, but spiritually speaking it is not alive at all. The life of the average man is dead as a tomb. A typical technician goes to lunch in his factory canteen, collects his food and eats it without saying a word to his neighbour, unless it be to air his opinion on the weather, wages, working hours, income tax, football, the dogs, cricket, or to pass on a bad joke about sex. On important matters like peace and love he is inarticulate, intent only on earning enough to keep him in home and television, with outings to the pub and to watch sport during the week-end. His desire is to hold down a "safe" job, to make extra money if this does not entail working too hard and to avoid thinking about the torn and afflicted world of which he does not wish to be reminded that he is a member. Therefore television offers him what he desires—escape.

At a higher level the spiritual and mental deadness is even worse. The successful technician, with pretensions to culture, reads the fashionable literary magazines, usually edited by ex-Communists who have turned their anti-Capitalist dialectics against Russia now that anti-Communism pays such high dividends in the West. Their drum-beating against the Iron Curtain is even more

monotonous than their former drum-beating on its behalf. Obviously the writer who is sensitive, who really thinks and feels what he writes, is not welcome within their pages. And it is doubtful whether the readers of these magazines, who desire above all to feel comfortable and superior, would welcome cold blasts of truth and wisdom let loose among all the effete whimsy and political sophistry which passes for fiction and fact in their favourite monthly.

These two instances will serve to show the predicament of expression common to all the arts in the West, except painting and music, which are comparatively impotent to stir the public mind out of its false sense of security—pathetically false, since the public mind is in reality scared to death.

The West has for so long assumed that it has the moral leadership of the world that its people do not know what rôle to play now that their stature has been reduced to that of ordinary human beings. The moral bankruptcy of their policies in Africa and Asia, the bitterness of the subject peoples whom they still refuse to liberate, or the independence of those whom they have been reluctantly compelled to liberate, rankles. Despite timely warnings by the late Wendell Willkie, they have not yet taken a global-minded view of the world. They have not yet seen that their colonial dreams in Africa and Asia are in reality nightmares. They have not yet understood why an African, discriminated against for being dark, robbed of his ancestral land and half-starving, should revolt against the "Christian" whites who keep him in subjection. They have been repeatedly told by a controlled press and "policy"-censored radio that in Malaya, Viet-Nam and Kenya all the trouble is being caused by bandits, instead of by human beings fighting, with their backs to the wall, for their land, rights and sheer survival. Ironically enough, they still revere Caractacus, the Briton, who revolted against the Romans, but condemn Kenyatta, the Kikuyu, who revolted against the British. They still revere Vercingetorix, the Frenchman, who revolted against the Romans, but depose the Sultan of Morocco who revolted against the French. In their pride they have not realized that it is not simply Western history, but the history of mankind that is their own. Any writer who understands these issues and states them clearly in his work will not be published here unless he cleverly twists the situation to blame everything on Russia.

Recently a story by a British writer, dealing with the situation of an African wrongly accused of subversive activities by the police, won

a literary competition. It was not printed, however, and the prize was not awarded, because an ex-member of the C.I.D. was invited by the publishers to give his opinion of the story and declared that it was "improbable." One wonders what the fate of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* would have been if an ex-I.C.S. District Magistrate had been asked to judge the probability of the story before publication!

It is no exaggeration to say that the intelligent Western writer who refuses to falsify his point of view must confine his published work to comparative trivialities. Serious public discussion of controversial themes is discouraged unless the dice are heavily loaded in favour of the official policy of the moment. While many English people are horrified at the antics of Senator McCarthy, so far as the literate arts are concerned the situation here is little better than in the U.S.A. The process of suppression is simply conducted in a more subtle and gentlemanly fashion, behind the scenes. So deep has the fetish of anti-Russianism sunk that a London film critic of repute, reviewing a film about Soviet Russian music and ballet in which one of the characters happens to remark that his is a lovely country, condemned the whole production as "unadulterated propaganda." She passed no censure, however, on an American naval film in which "Stars and Stripes Forever" and similar patriotic tunes are played every ten minutes, and in which the chief characters talk of little else but a jet-propelled torpedo whose destination is plainly the ships of the U.S.S.R. in World War III.

While there is no doubt that the Soviet State has grave defects, particularly of censorship and the acquisition by force of other people's land, there is also no doubt that it is not the only State in the world with these vices. It is just as well to remember that Russia was not responsible for the dropping of the first two atom bombs on civilians and children, so that the current campaign to paint the Soviet as the most likely power to drop the first hydrogen bomb makes historical nonsense. Even such obvious facts as these can no longer be mentioned in debate or print in this country unless the speaker or writer is prepared to be branded a Communist or "fellow traveller."

At a time when the West adopts towards Russia the ominous posture of the last Roman legions on the outposts of civilization; and when Russia, in her turn, is haunted by not altogether unfounded apprehensions and a mania for persecution, it is necessary for all thinking men to understand what is happening, and, at the risk of derision and even death in their own countries, to speak the truth forthrightly. The

guilt of those who are articulate, but who remain silent for reasons of expediency, is greater than that of the ignorant man who believes all he is told by authority, like a child hanging on the words of his Big Brother.

George Orwell envisaged the language of Newspeak in his novel *1984*, a language in which the statement "Big Brother is Ungood" could not be substantiated by reasoned argument because the necessary vocabulary no longer existed. Our plight in 1954 is already almost as bad; for, although the words exist, the means of communication by print, radio, television, theatre and cinema are closed, or gravely curtailed, to the writer whose object is to give a view of vital matters which runs contrary, or appears to run contrary, to the immediate interests of the society in which he lives. When such unorthodox views concern issues like feeding the hungry versus preparation for war, or non-violence versus the hydrogen bomb, the result of suppression may well be not merely the suicide of a particular society, but of the entire human race.

Even so circumspect a journal as *The Times Literary Supplement* admitted in a recent editorial that it doubted "whether in our present situation it is the duty of a serious writer to challenge the accepted values of society. In a sick age, in a society indeed desperately uncertain what its accepted values are, is it not perhaps the duty of the writer to help society to *define* its values?" The editorial attitude of the popular press is considerably cruder, and perhaps more honest, for they now openly take the view that free inquiry into and criticism of, say, our concentration camps in Kenya is not just "letting down Queen and Country," but downright Communist. Thereby, of course, the victory is won for totalitarianism without a single shot being fired from behind the Iron Curtain.

So long as the means of expression in the West are in the grip of fearful men, not so much afraid of Russia as of their own guilt, so long will a *rigor mortis* of ideas afflict the public mind.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

JAIN IDEAS IN THE MODERN WORLD

[Mahaveera Jayanti Week was celebrated by the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, from April 15th to 20th, in collaboration with the Jain Mission Society, Bangalore. The occasion was the 2552nd Anniversary of the birth of Mahaveera, revered by all Jains as the last great Tirthankara. One of the papers prepared for discussion was that by **Shri A. Chakravarthy, M.A., I.E.S.,** which we publish here in shortened form.

In the first part of this paper, omitted because of our space limitations, Shri Chakravarthy traced informatively the development of European civilization and the trends of Western thought in recent centuries. He found the modern West, despite its great achievements in science, still in the dark as to the nature of man and baffled in the quest for eternal values. He presented the following tenets of Jainism as of value for solving the problems of the modern world.—ED.]

The most valuable factor in Indian thought is *Ahimsa* or non-violence. Its import is not confined to the religious commandment "Thou shalt not kill." This injunction is generally understood to be restricted to human society. "Thou shalt not kill" thy fellow human beings. There is no religious significance within that limitation. It is maintained by the law of the State. Its violation will be a crime punished by the State. But the principle of *Ahimsa* in Indian thought is of wider application. It means "Thou shalt not kill or injure any living being," however low it be in the scale of living organisms. Further, its implication is not merely negative. It has a positive foundation. It is based upon universal love. Wherever there is suffering and pain, you must extend your loving hand to remove the pain and to alleviate the misery.

This principle of *Ahimsa* has been the central doctrine of Indian thought from times immemorial. It appears to have been the basis of what is called the Indus Valley Civilization. Even before the period of the Aryan invasion, it was observed by the pre-Aryan Indians as a strict religious principle. *Ahimsa* in this wide application forms the fundamental basis of Jainism, while all other Indian religious systems accept this principle in a limited form, to suit their convenience. It is Jainism alone that emphasizes it in its complete and absolute form, including all the various ethical implications such as abstaining from eating meat and avoiding animal sacrifice in the name of religion.

A more important aspect of the principle of *Ahimsa* than that of non-injury to other living beings is an implication of this principle relating to the self. The strict observance of *Ahimsa* forms the main factor in spiritual development. A

person trying to observe this principle must adopt a psychological attitude conducive to its observance. He must rid himself completely of all the gross emotions, such as hatred, anger, etc. He must put himself mentally in the place of the suffering beings. It is only then that he will be able to appreciate fully the religious and ethical significance of *Ahimsa*. Then only will he be able to realize that this principle far transcends the ordinary moral principle "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." It is based upon a much nobler ideal: "Love your enemies"; return good for evil; if they have injured you, do not take revenge but generously pity them, for "they know not what they do."

This religious ideal of *Ahimsa*, revealed to the world by Lord Rishabha, was, as said, the guiding principle of life among the Indians even before the Aryans invaded India and settled here. Though they conquered the land militarily and subdued the people of the conquered country, still they could not escape being influenced by the higher culture and the nobler principle preserved by the people of the land. The Vedic culture which was brought by the Aryans into India was no doubt incompatible with the *Ahimsa* culture which prevailed in the land prior to the Aryan invasion. Still they had to accept this noble principle. Hence we find this influence on later Vedic thought; it was mainly responsible for the Upanishadic development. It teaches man to turn his thought to his own self instead of to the natural forces around him. By this shifting of importance from the external world, he learns to turn his attention upon his inner self, whose spiritual greatness is more powerful than the brute forces of nature. This may be taken to be the core of Indian thought in general; it was contributed by Jainism from the earliest days of Indian history.

Besides *Ahimsa* there is another point peculiar to Jainism. This is *Tapas* or *Yoga*, which has a special importance in the Jain religion. The purpose of this discipline is to secure complete control of body and mind. This practice of *Tapas* or *Yoga*, generally associated with Jain ascetics, is quite different from the bodily *yoga asanas* practised in *Hatha Yoga* by Hindu ascetics. Jainism recognizes only the postures of the body of the person engaged in Yogic contemplation. Standing erect (*kayothsarga*) and quietly sitting while engaged in contemplation; these are the two types of Yogic postures which are generally illustrated by the idols in the temple representing the *Tirthankaras*.

The description of this Yogic contemplation given in the Jain *Yogasastras* clearly brings out the ideal aimed at. The object is to develop the psychic power and to

bring the body entirely under its control. The various sense organs and their activities are amenable to psychic control. The aim is to bring the sensory action under voluntary control and to direct the attention to the inner self. This will give the power to delve deep into the subconscious self, which is the more important part of the individual personality. From such access to the subconscious self, knowledge superior to that perceptible by the senses can be gained through clairvoyance and telepathy. This is corroborated by modern psychic research. Such extra-sensory perception or psychic activity as a result of Yogic practice, is called *avadhi jnana* and *manahparyaya jnana*. This was known to the Jain thinkers several centuries ago. This development of soul force is another important characteristic of Jain ethics.

Mahatma Gandhi understood the value of soul force. He made use of this weapon in the freedom struggle and successfully proved its worth. As long as he lived, he had a strong belief in its value for settling international disputes. He fully realized that civilization did not rest merely on an economic foundation. The social structure rests upon the solid foundation of the spiritual welfare of mankind. "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word of God." Full appreciation of this noble principle will restore the stability and harmony of the world. Indian thinkers in general and the Jains in particular, have the obligation to display their spiritual wealth before the whole world, for the benefit of all.

This principle of *Ahimsa* is practically identical with the Jain *Dharma*. *Dharma* according to Jainism is identical with *Ahimsa Dharma*. This fundamental religious principle includes four other ethical principles which spring from *Ahimsa*. They are *Satya, Astheya, Brahmacharya* and *Aparigraha*, meaning, respectively, "Thou shalt not speak falsehood," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife" and "Thou shalt not be greedy for possessions." These four, together with the first, *Ahimsa*, constitute the *Pancha Vratas* (Five Vows) in Jainism. The observance of the four subsidiary vows must be maintained without conflicting with the primary principle of *Ahimsa*. "Thou shalt speak the truth," but if in its practical application it results in cruelty to other living beings, then it becomes an evil. The third and fourth principles, "Thou shalt not steal" and "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife" are taken care of by the law of the land and violations of them are severely punished. Hence these two moral principles have no special religious importance.

The fifth vow, relating to *Aparigrahd* or limited possession, is really

the most important from our point of view. Its observance is emphasized only by Jainism. In other religious systems, whether Indian or non-Indian, not so much importance is attached to this. No doubt, Jesus recognized its importance. When a rich young man asked him how he could have eternal life, Jesus told him: "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor. . . ." Some Indian religious systems also emphasized the principle of renunciation. It was because of this principle that members of royal families like Mahaveera and Gautama Buddha renounced their princely state and took to asceticism.

But we are not here referring to this ideal of complete renunciation. We are thinking of the principle of *Parigraha* or possession as applied to householders in general. Here it is not called *aparigraha*. It is *Parimita Parigraha*, voluntarily limiting one's own possessions. Each individual, irrespective of his position in society and his occupation, is expected to limit voluntarily his property and wealth. Whatever produce he gets from his land beyond the limit he has fixed, must be placed at the disposal of the whole of society. Whatever income he gets from his business, over and above the limitation imposed by himself, must be utilized for the welfare of the whole of society.

This principle of *Parimita Parigraha*, which is the fifth item of the ethics of the householder, is very important at present. The conflict of ideologies in the modern world, between Capitalism and Communism, which divides the world into two hostile groups, one championed by the U.S.A. and the other by Soviet Russia, is the inevitable consequence of the economic basis of modern culture.

Ending this conflict and paving the way for the world's harmonious progress on the peaceful path, guided by the higher spiritual light, will be made possible only by the universal acceptance of this principle of PARIMITA PARIGRAHA. Every individual should realize that his life is only partly for himself and mainly for the whole of society. His individual welfare is bound up with the general welfare. His individual salvation is conditioned by the salvation of the whole of society.

If the world accepts this ideal, then peace among mankind can be guaranteed. The whole world will be united and happy. There will be no disagreements between nations; no struggles; no wars. The world will then be assured a period of peace and prosperity, with the path of understanding open. Then Paradise will be regained on earth. This seems to be the goal of modern thought, towards the attainment of which Indian thought, and especially the Jain religion of *Ahimsa*, has to shed its light on the path of human progress.

A. CHAKRAVARTHY

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

TWO CENTURIES OF BRITISH CULTURE*

It is surprising how little most of us in England know about our Royal Societies. I suppose everybody knows that the Royal Society (of scientific interest) was founded in the reign of Charles II, but few persons who do not belong to it could tell us much about the Society of Literature, and this is the stranger because we have achieved so much more in literature than in music or even painting. Again, most readers may confuse The Royal Society of Arts with The Royal Academy (1768). The explanation probably is that the Academy has always been an institution with objects to sell.

The Royal Society of Arts (a few years older than the Academy) was founded as the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Commerce, and Manufactures and, as we should expect, the Founders first convened in a coffee-house near Covent Garden.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who is now its President, in his brief foreword to this massive memorial volume says:—

> ... by active origination, practical example and wise exposition it [the Society] has led the way for two hundred years towards advancement in many familiar and practical aspects of life .... By its persistent and unobtrusive activities the Society has been an agent behind many notable developments, the good effects of which are felt to-day, but it has always tended to do good by stealth, and its great achievements are far too little known.

Moreover, it has "always remained independent and unaided by the State."

Its work has indeed been various. Considering its title we may not be surprised to find that it gave a money-award to Landseer when he was ten years old for a most remarkable drawing of a spaniel: but what about its brave but largely futile attempt (about 1854) to build public lavatories in London? The public seems to have fought shy of them. And what about the gallant enterprise of setting up plaques upon houses in which celebrated persons have lived? These, like the lavatories, were long ago taken over by the London County Council. What, again, about the Society's encouragement of an invention called a "Gunpower Carriage" (1830), which was an attempt to produce a kind of motor-car; or its patronage of a "crop-drying machine"; or of its recent renovation of the village of West Wycombe? Chemists would be interested in the Society's efforts to find in Britain cobalt and madder, then imported from remote parts.

All these activities prove the existence of a benevolent, intelligent and completely disinterested group of persons; and when we have realized the width of their benefactions we are left wondering what forms of human endeavour they omitted to assist. Perhaps they wisely left painting to the Royal Academy, and did little for literature because it is our national "strong suit." Still, even now I have given merely a sample of their deeds, every one of which has served to improve our civilization.

So many prizes were given in cash, usually a hundred pounds (probably guineas when guineas were current), that the Society had either a very large membership, which seems unlikely, or

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* *The Royal Society of Arts : 1754–1954.* By Derek Hudson and Kenneth W. Luckhurst. Foreword by H. R. H. The Duke of Edinburgh, K.G. Introduction by The Earl of Radnor, K.C.V.O. (John Murray, London. xviii+411 pp. Illustrated. 1954. 30*s*.)

was composed of wealthy philanthropists. They, after all, were not really scarce until we had paid for the 1914-1918 war. Presumably it has now to ponder over its distribution of prizes and medals—although we may almost assume that a gold medal was presented some years ago to Mr. T. S. Eliot. The Society could hardly have been out of the running in the race to present him with honours.

We owe this notable history to a pair of hard-working writers, one of whom, Mr. Luckhurst, has been Secretary to this old Society since 1937. They may well be proud of their accomplishment, especially as the volume is not without sudden gleams of humour. Without these it might have been somewhat ponderous and overburdened with the names of "Certain People of Importance in Their own Times." (Few of us are of any "importance" after our time. We could name few statesmen who now excite much interest, and yet politicians always fancy that they will be permanent occupiers of the limelight. I remember, by way of illustration, how a well-known surgeon, here in England, complained that a skilled artist, in any medium, was much better known than he. That was, no doubt, the bad luck of his overcrowded profession. For a hundred surgeons who could adroitly cut out your appendix, there has been only one W. B. Yeats, only one Epstein, only one Paderewski. This shows, probably, the difference between a craftsman and a unique artist. Many can write pleasant verse, but few can produce poetry.)

The authors of this book should be praised for their industry and precision. It cannot be an easy task to record two hundred years of forward-looking, for all the conditions of life have changed so violently: some for the better (the lives of agricultural workers, for example) but most things —manners included—for the worse. In 1544 England was mainly a farming country. By 1854 it had become a formidable industrial island. By 1954 we have turned it into a satellite state of America. Here we see the action of National Karma. Once, long ago, our ancestors regarded the settlers in America as mere "colonists." And now! It is doubtful whether we should have "won" the First War without American help. In that war I was a news-censor, and I often wondered how an army based upon democracy would hold together. Was not the Private, as we call him, eligible for the White House? Why should he respect his officer? And yet he did. I recall very well how, as a news-censor, I was told not to tell how many Americans were arriving at Marseilles.

All this was long ago, but not from the viewpoint of a Society to which Reynolds and Johnson belonged.

CLIFFORD BAX

Aspects of Early Assamese Literature. Edited by BANIKANTA KAKATI. (Gauhati University, Gauhati, Assam. 315 pp. 1953. Rs. 12/-)

Modern Assamese scholarship boasts of three distinguished scholars: one of whom, Dr. Banikanta Kakati, the editor of this work, died in November 1952, thus robbing Assam of his rich gifts of research and painstaking study. Dr. Birinchi K. Barua has given evidence of his love for Assamese culture in the first volume of his *Study of the Cultural History of Assam.* He has also written *Studies in Early Assamese Literature,* which was published from Nowgong in May 1953, two essays from which have been included in the present volume. The third of this Assamese trinity of scholarship is Dr. Suryakanta Bhiyan, who after a very competent apprenticeship in Bengali verse turned his attention to the rich beauty of Assam's political history. He has now been induced to return from the dim twilight of antiquities to pre-

side over the destinies of Assam's *Sahitya Sabha*.

The present volume, compiled under the editorship of Dr. Kakati, consists of an essay from his own pen, "The Assamese Language"; a contribution from Prof. M. Neog, "Assamese Literature Before Śaṅkaradeva," on pre-Sanskrit literature; two papers as mentioned above taken from Dr. Birinchi Barua's studies; an excellent essay on "Madhavadeva and His Works" by T. N. Sharma; a paper on Rāma Saraswatī, an author whose works have not yet been wholly published; and scholarly dissertations on the Assamese recensions of our ancient epics, Puranas and the *Gitagovinda* by U. C. Lekhara and S. N. Sharma.

As Dr. K. K. Handiqui points out in his Foreword, "A comprehensive history of early Assamese literature is still a desideratum." In the present volume, the achievements of the pre-Sankari age have not yet been fully dealt with. Perhaps when the next volume of Dr. Barua's *Study of the Cultural History of Assam* comes out we shall have an adequate picture of this most interesting period. In his paper, "The Assamese Language," perhaps his last work, Dr. Kakati has dealt diligently with the varied aspects of the many factors that go to make up its composite character, but he has laid somewhat unnecessary stress on the differences, grammatical as well as linguistic, between Assamese and Bengali. After Tagore's tribute to the late Sahityarathi Bezbarua, after the latter's death in 1938, there is now no Bengali so foolhardy or so ignorant as to speak of Assamese as a dialect of Bengali. It is time therefore that scholars in eastern India should unite in finding out how intimately languages like Maithili, Oriya, Bengali and Assamese are in affinity as champions of Aryanism on our eastern frontier. As Sir George Grierson pointed out, Assamese, though a distinct language with a great literature, is more intelligible to Bengalis than their own obscure dialects of Sylhet and Chittagong.

ACE VIEME

Art Experience. By M. HIRIYANNA. (Kavyalaya Publishers, Mysore. 86 pp. 1954. Rs. 6/-)

These illuminating essays, two of which appear for the first time here, should prove especially interesting to Western æsthetes; and they offer all modern artists some basic ideas, very much needed by them at the present time.

Professor Hiriyanna first states that Indian philosophy was always more than a way of thought—it is a way of life in which ethics occupies an important place. He adds:—

> Like ethics, aesthetics is dependent upon philosophy and like ethics, it aims chiefly at influencing life.

He holds that a real work of art should induce in and secure for man a unique experience, not to be attained by other means, which is morally elevating and conducive to spiritual unfoldment. The two characteristics of a genuine artistic experience are impersonality and pure joy; and, however transient the experience, when genuine, it will be elevating. But, as with ethics, to be most effective, art must have a foundation in metaphysics.

These will appear "hard sayings" to many; and the idea that a true work of art must combine Goodness and Beauty and these be united to Truth or knowledge may, we fear, be scoffed at by some moderns regarded and regarding themselves as artists. But these are some of the views ably presented by Professor Hiriyanna in comparing and explaining Eastern and Western, ancient and modern, ideas on artistic experience.

E. P. T.

Tolstoy: A Life of my Father. By ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY. Translated from the Russian by ELIZABETH REYNOLDS HAPGOOD. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 543 pp. 1953. 30*s*.)

One avowed aim of this book is to do justice to the memory of the author's mother, that much tried wife of an exceptionally "difficult" genius. Hers was, for many years, the well-nigh impossible task of running an estate and educating her children with the handicap of her husband's presence; one who, after 20 years as a devoted husband and father, suddenly cut ties with the world, distributed his property among the family, and even broke off marital relations. A real grievance, too, was that Sophia's husband now refused to employ his creative power artistically, in his religious zeal regarding literary composition as mere self-indulgence.

Tolstoy might renounce the world but he could, or would, not go the whole length: he remained a powerful disturbing element in his home, unable to forego the loving support and help of three daughters. The younger children were thus torn between the parents: their characters, especially those of the boys, suffered accordingly.

Others were inevitably to suffer too: those devoted people who followed Tolstoy in his new path of freedom, of self-denial in all fleshly things, were persecuted by the Government. Tolstoy himself was too powerful an influence, both at home and abroad, to be openly attacked. This, to a man fundamentally honest, was a bitter grief. Unmolested himself, he saw his disciples thrown into prison, sent to Siberia.

This towering genius who, in practising and preaching the way of love, opposed established authority, yet distrusted the revolutionaries of his time, foreseeing that their triumph would mean only a new struggle for power, the establishment of a regime giving little more freedom, if any, than was enjoyed under Czarist domination. Even what was perhaps his most practical gift to mankind, the advocacy and practice of education of the people, has been perverted, shot through and through with propaganda.

No man can escape the trend of his age: Tolstoy in his advocacy of human freedom excepted one half of the race, regarding women as little more than child-bearers and child-rearers. In his own wife, though always solicitous for her soul, he admitted no claim to personal individuality of mind or tastes. Again, Tolstoy's elderly pontifications on literature read very oddly to a Western mind: Goethe was for him a "trivial, bourgeois and egotistical man of talent," *Faust* "an entirely bad piece of writing" and Shakespeare "a terrible impostor and piece of filth." It would seem that not even a single-hearted man of God, a strong intuitive genius, can see simply on all great matters, even within his own art. But such failure has perhaps in itself a message to the lesser man; inculcating that lesson of humility always preached by Tolstoy himself.

This is such an interesting and stimulating book that one must regret the employment in translation of a number of Americanisms. Such locutions may seriously detract from its usefulness and charm, not only to those British born, but to foreigners reading in this edition.

DOROTHY HEWLETT

Poems of Change. By IRENE COATES. (The Fortune Press, London; available from Oxford Book and Stationery Co., Scindia House, New Delhi. 52 pp. 1954. 6*s*.)

Miss Coates has a poet's sensibility and gift for the jewelled phrase, but many of these poems are in a minor key and through some runs a morbid strain, of which the following expression is one of the least unpleasing:—

> ...hopes hung
> On a bough like bright toys
> Whose wrapping rots at a touch
> And the torn corner shows
> Consuming fire.

There is perhaps more justification, in modern minds adrift, for such sentiments than there is for expressing them, when men so desperately need reassurance, challenge, a note of inspiration. The lines spoken by two characters in "Persephone," a long poem modernizing suggestively the ancient myth, seem to promise that she will yet sound such a note:—

> "...the spiral of regeneration"
> "or the unfolded meanings of religion."

The last poems, "Oyster and Poem" and "The Naturist," show, perhaps, a response to the urge she had written of resisting; the urge to

> ...force my sick imagination
> To build a better future.

One hopes they are the latest written. They have both hope and charm.

E. M. H.

Falcon of Spain. By THOMAS BALLANTINE IRVING. (Orientalia, Lahore. 158 pp. 1954. Rs. 6/-)

This study of Spain under the strong but clement Umayyad ruler, 'Abdurrahman I (731-788 A.D.), when Arabic power and influence reached its furthest to the West, deals illuminatingly with a subdivision of European history seldom appreciated or pictured. A humane and cultured ruler, 'Abdurrahman contrasted sharply with his brutal and ignorant contemporary, Charlemagne, in Christian Europe.

The 6th century was the darkest of the Dark Ages in the Western world, during which "scarcely a Christian could either read or write," and whose only important historian, Pope Gregory, took as his motto: "Ignorance is the mother of devotion"—and confirmed it by having the great Palatine Library burnt.

About 150 years later 'Abdurrahman's Arab Spain was laying foundations for Europe's renaissance in its schools, academies of learning and centres of the arts, skilled crafts and sciences, in its beautiful cities, Cordoba, Toledo and others. The culture of the East poured into Arab Spain and was welcomed by this great ruler.

Professor Irving writes:—

> 'Abdurrahman's school had been that of adversity, and in it he had received a degree in moderation. In triumph he was magnanimous, merciful and tolerant; although when occasion warranted, he knew how to be severe... his punishments never passed the bounds of decency....

His greatest enemy, Mansur, the 'Abbasid caliph, respected him, named him "Falcon of the Quraysh" and wrote in admiration: "No man before him ever performed such deeds!"

E.P.T.

Letters to My Daughter. By DAGOBERT D. RUNES. (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 131 pp. 1954. $2.50)

Here are 21 letters; they spring from life-experience and are mellow and mature. They reveal a passion for cultivating righteousness and compassion. Therefore, they help the reader in "looking upward creatively." Most of these letters are woven around Hebrew legends and laws, which imparts to them the interest of short stories. The voice of the rabbi reverberates through the pages of the book:—

> ...Smiles and a song are a truer road to godly life than observance of all the rituals and all the rites.
>
> The true philosophical mind never wishes to win an argument but rather the truth. And the way to truth is the way of hesitancy.

At the end, there is a collection of

stray reflections, entitled "Evening Thoughts." Here are but two of them, sufficiently indicative:—

Friendship: a daydream beat of the heart for a face that lights it up.

Giver: Those who give quietly, give twice.

G. M.

Nation. By MOHENDRANATH DUTT; edited by MANAS PRASUN CHATTERJEE and LAXMI NARAYAN GHATAK. (The Mohendra Publishing Committee, Calcutta. 104 pp. 1954. Rs. 2/-)

Frankly, this book is unimportant. What is rightly said in it is commonplace and often too vaguely expressed. Almost throughout, the author assumes a Nietzschean, prophetic tone, which ill becomes him; for he has no remarkable insight to offer. His information is neither very systematic nor accurate; and he rarely takes the trouble to deal with even obvious objections to his emphatic dicta.

The matter is an aggressive, militaristic and would-be industrial nationalism, which, if followed, would certainly bring upon India all the inner troubles of the West, but probably (since the author's economic theories are of the vaguest) without its outer prosperity.

The author's patriotism is quite sincere, but even for one's own country's good patriotism is not enough. It is significant that though he traces the social ill effects of mere theology he shows no positive appreciation of true spirituality.

L. W. S.

Famous Tales of Ind. By A. S. PANCHAPAKESA AYYAR. (V. Ramaswami Sastrulu and Sons, Madras. xiii+394 pp. 1954. Rs. 4/-)

"India is the cradle land of fable, allegory, parable and story"—thus the author opens his introduction. His familiarity with these is well known and his motive for translating some of these ancient and memorable tales into English is commendable. He wishes them to be the international ambassadors of India's innermost ideals. One finds here a variety of stories representative of different eras and regions. There are translations from Sanskrit, Prakrit and Tamil, brought together, perhaps, for the first time.

Most of these stories are widely known in India but, being written in a simple and engaging style, the collection can serve as a useful text or introductory book. The stories are: Human Sacrifice Stopped, Nala and Damayanti, Savitri, Harishchandra, Vikrama and Urvasi, Sakuntala, Udayana and Vatsaraja, Mahavira, Bimbisara, Kovalan and Kannaki, and Manimekalai. The last two are the stories of famous Tamil epics, already translated and published by the author but appearing in an abridged form here, occupying nearly one third of the book.

Shri Ayyar does not lose sight of the morals and important ideas of all these stories. This aspect is also emphasized in the short accounts making up the introduction. But if one expects a very suggestive rendering, revealing depths and allusions, one is somewhat disappointed. The footnotes are interpretative but not fully so. The true nature of sacrifice, asceticism, etc., is lost while the symbolism of the gods and goddesses remains unexplained. Hence there is at times a strain on credulity.

MUMTAZ MOTIWALLA

The Dance in India. By FAUBION BOWERS. (Columbia University Press, Geoffrey Cumberlege, London. 175 pp. Illustrated. 1954. 32*s.*)

Mr. Bowers handles his subject with sympathy and genuine interest; his approach is far from superficial. Although the book was written chiefly to interpret the art of Indian dancing to the West, one suspects that the author had the Indian intelligentsia somewhat in mind. He clearly hints that the truest form of the art, shorn of the vulgarities and trivialities with which it is tricked out for the adulation of the multitude, is in danger of neglect and decay unless substantially encouraged. He gives as an instance in point the ancient dance form, Kathakali, which today in Malabar still struggles to preserve its old traditions, in spite of the lack of sufficient patronage, and adds that in India the dance in general is faced with the prospect of being corrupted and even distorted by the garish demands of cheap entertainment.

> In trying to make the dance popular, they have debased it.... Faulty dance movements cannot be concealed by fluttering lights of different colours... inability to cope with the wide scope and physical exigencies of Indian classical dancing has led to an extraordinary hybridization. This is the dancing one sees in night clubs, on the screen, in many private homes and sadly enough at many public dance recitals.

In quoting from the excellent Introduction, I have deliberately refrained from picking Mr. Bowers's bouquets. The average Indian knows instinctively what is best in his own culture, but complacence is his worst enemy, and a few brickbats may help to revive his sense of values. He ought, therefore, to welcome Mr. Bowers' friendly *caveat.*

The author has made every possible concession to the Western reader by his clear and concise explanations of the various religious *motifs* of each dance. His vivid sense of atmosphere and colour saves his subject from becoming too technical. It is possible, in spite of this, that the chapters on Bharata Natya and Kathakali some may find less easy to follow than the light and graceful descriptions of Kathak and Manipuri dancing.

Several photographs of Indian dancers in action supply effective illustrations. There are signs, however, in occasional errata, of hasty proof-reading —a pity, in a book which is otherwise most attractively produced.

K. D. NAYAR

Transfer of Power in India 1945-7. By E. W. R. LUMBY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 274 pp. 1954. 18*s.*)

This is a straightforward and sympathetic account of the problems faced by British and Indian statesmen and politicians during the last two years of British rule in India, how they solved these problems and what the consequences were. The author, who served in the India Office from 1934 to 1947 and who was on the staff of the Cabinet Mission to India from March to June 1946, is more concerned to narrate the sequence of events than to express opinions.

His book brings into some sort of order the mass of conflicting political, economic, cultural, military, geographic, ethnographic and religious forces at work during these two vital years. It is based on the written material of the time, White Papers, Parliamentary debates, resolutions of Indian political parties, speeches and statements by Indian political leaders, press comments, and so forth.

The clash of personalities, the way in which individuals and their idiosyncrasies may have helped or hindered in the peaceful transfer of power once Britain had made up her mind that "renunciation" was the only statesmanlike course, is not Mr. Lumby's concern. Despite the tragic and unfortunate consequences of the partition of the sub-continent, which he feels the his-

tory of the preceding 40 years made inevitable, the author feels that Britain's part in the transfer of power is something which will always stand to her credit.

"In retrospect it may seem that she merely took the obvious course, the line of least resistance," he comments.

Yet there remain two striking facts. One is that her act of renunciation, however it may have been dictated by the hard facts of her post-war weakness, is one for which history affords no close precedent or analogy. The other is that the results which have followed from the pursuit of other policies by other European powers in their dealings with their Asian territories during recent years have been unfortunate for all concerned.

SUNDER KABADI

Fifty Years of Co-operation: Golden Jubilee Souvenir: 1904-54. (The Bombay Provincial Co-operative Institute, Bombay. 300 pp. 1954. Rs. 10/-)

Shri Vaikunth L. Mehta writes the Foreword to this symposium, a valuable survey of the background and beginnings of the Co-operative Movement in India and its history in Bombay State. It presents many little-known facts and, deservedly, many who have given freely of their time and resources to serve their less privileged fellows through this Movement are given due credit.

Many aspects of Co-operation are competently dealt with. Shri G. M. Laud's excellent chapter on "Urban Co-operation" reveals defects in respect of regulation and recoveries of urban banks that call for remedying, though he finds their position generally sound.

Bombay's lead in co-operative education deserves emulation but the adequate training of administrators and working staff, indispensable as it is, cannot obviate the need to educate even prospective members in sound co-operative principles. Propaganda that is silent on the dire effects of ignoring these is a disservice to the Movement.

Prof. D. G. Karve's closing pages, "Towards a Co-operative Commonwealth" bring out co-operation's potential contribution to the building of a truly democratic culture.

An index would have added to the volume's usefulness.

E. M. HOUGH

Freedom: A New Analysis. By MAURICE CRANSTON. (Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd., London. viii+177 pp. 1953. 12*s*. 6*d*. Agents in India: Orient Longmans, Ltd., Bombay.)

The author has written a fascinating but inconclusive thesis. He critically reviews the various, diverse and even contradictory, connotations of concepts attached to words like freedom, liberty, liberalism and democracy, and comes to the provisional conclusion that they indicated different ideas to different people at different times. For instance, to Lord Acton freedom meant freedom from the constraints of nature, like freedom from hunger, disease, insecurity, ignorance and superstition; to Rousseau it meant freedom from the constraints of the Church and the State and a return to the "noble savage." The two concepts were contradictory and each could develop only at the expense of the other. As regards democracy, England and America as well as Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia claimed to embody it, but they were widely different. According to the author, democracy has been a popular form of government with more than one political party, as in England, and not a single party, as in Russia.

The author especially refers to the eternal problem of "the freedom of the will" and its ethical implications of right and wrong and the responsibil-

ity for these. He reviews various definitions and the attempts to reconcile the two concepts of free will and predestination, sometimes by ignoring or denying them. He defines "determinism" to mean that "everything which happens in the universe, including the actions and decisions of human beings, is in principle predictable." The ethical implication of this would seem to be that God is the cause of all human sins and should be blamed for them. There is a parallel to it in Hindu theology. A Sanskrit *sloka* says: I know what is right but do not act upon it; I know what is wrong but do not desist from it; I act only as dictated by the God that is in my heart.

The author defines free will to mean that only *some but not all* of the acts and decisions of human beings are predetermined and predictable. He does not, however, indicate which actions are predetermined and which are free. He concludes that the case is strongly against determinism; and for the case for free will he offers a "negative" argument only because he thinks a degree of uncertainty remains inevitable.

Perhaps the two concepts can be reconciled, at any rate up to a point. Gilbert Ryle has said that men are not machines, not even ghost-ridden machines; they are men. He might have added that men make machines. It may be said that, in so far as man is able to make machines, he has free will, but his freedom is limited by the determinism of "laws," mechanical or physiological. For instance, it is predetermined that bodies heavier than air, fall to the ground, while bodies lighter than air, rise. But man is free to manipulate the two predetermined phenomena to ascend in a balloon or descend slowly and safely with a parachute. Indeed, the whole of human achievement during the ages seems to be the interplay of free will and predetermination.

P. KODANDA RAO

Inside. By HELEN BRYAN. Introduction by HENRY J. CADBURY. (Peter Davies, Ltd., London. xi+276 pp. 1954. 15*s*.)

This is an interesting, but hardly an important, contribution to the layman's knowledge of prison conditions. Interesting because it tells of a women's prison in West Virginia, U.S.A. (the only Federal Prison for Women), at Alderson, where the institution is organized in cottage homes, where the prisoners have seven frocks and many letters and visitors, substantial earnings and liberty of contact within the prison. Any British women prisoners, even those at our open prison at Askham Grange, would be green with envy to read about such conditions. But the women who must spend many years under its discipline and its unnatural life must still hate it; that is the rub. Stone walls may not make a prison, but their absence does not make an institution cease to be a prison.

Not an important book because the writer of it was in the prison for only three months and could not, therefore, savour the full effect of even a highly enlightened prison, still less that of the far more numerous lock-ups and cellular prisons where repression still predominates in treatment.

Helen Bryan went to prison with a clear conscience on a political issue and one would have thought that she would have accepted her sufferings with less complaint than is in fact the case. The revelation of her feelings only emphasizes what must be suffered by the less happy, less well-equipped and less intelligent average prisoner. This story gives a gleam of hope that these may be getting at last a little nearer to being treated as human beings.

FRANK DAWTRY

Christian by Degrees: Masonic Religion Revealed in the Light of Faith. By WALTON HANNAH. Foreword by DR. E. L. MASCALI. (Augustine Press, London. 222 pp. 1954. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

The author of this book either enjoys polemics or has a personal dislike of Masonry. In *Christian by Degrees* he renews the controversy that he started in his previous book, *Darkness Visible,* a work which has now reached its seventh edition.

The question debated in both works is whether the Masons have any right to regard their ritual and symbolism as being in the Christian tradition. Mr. Hannah contends that whatever good the Masons may achieve through their benevolent institutions, they have no right to claim, as many of them do, that they have any connection with orthodox Christianity, and the author of this book places great stress on this word orthodox. No Anglican clergyman has any business, therefore, to take part in rituals which are so obviously pagan in origin as those of the Masons. Mr. Hannah feels so strongly on the subject that he publishes, in Appendix B, a black-list of clergy who have attained the higher degrees of Masonry.

This is a very bad-tempered book and the author is evidently still very angry with the Masonic writers who are attempting to trace any likeness between the symbolic figure of Hiram Abiff, the Master Architect of the Temple, and that of Christ. He is particularly furious with a Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst and in replying to him descends to such terms as "disgusting blasphemies" and "satanic heresies." Now, ill-temper in a book becomes just as tedious as is ill-temper in conversation and, long before I had finished my reading, I had lost any interest with which I had originally started. When I was an active Mason, I never took the ceremonies of my lodge very seriously, so I am unable to feel the necessity for the author's angry crusades against a body of men who are undoubtedly doing more good than harm. To put it plainly, I feel that Mr. Walton Hannah has written an unpleasant, boring and unnecessary book.

KENNETH WALKER

Christians and Christianity in India and Pakistan: A General Survey of the Progress of Christianity in India from Apostolic Times to the Present Day. By P. THOMAS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 260 pp. Illustrated. 1954. 18*s.*)

This book, written by a member of the ancient Syrian Church of South India, has as its subtitle: "A General Survey of the Progress of Christianity in India from Apostolic Times to the Present Day." According to tradition, the apostle Thomas came to India, and laboured there, making converts and founding churches, until he met a martyr's death at Mylapore. The author accepts the tradition, but its authenticity is doubtful. What is certain is that Christianity came to India long before it was even heard of in some Western lands. The realization of this fact helps one to see Christianity in India in true perspective; for it has often been imagined that it was a late importation from the West. There is something to strike the imagination in the thought of a Christian community persisting in South India through the centuries, from apostolic, or sub-apostolic, times to the present day.

It is impossible in a review to follow the author in the interesting and graphic accounts which he gives of personalities and episodes in the history of Christianity in India. One may regard this as divided into two main periods—the period of Portuguese influence and the modern missionary period. One cannot but be impressed by the zeal of the early Portuguese missionaries, even if one must condemn

some of their methods both in their work of conversion and in their efforts to Romanize the Syrian Church. Perhaps most interesting of all are the pictures which we are given of great Jesuits, like Francis Xavier, the greatest of them all, and Robert de Nobili, who in the early 17th century began his work in Madura, assuming the guise of a Brahman, and presenting his Christian message in the form of a Fifth Veda.

In the latter part of the book space is given to the story of modern Protestant missions, but the author's selection of material is not always satisfactory, nor is his accuracy always unimpeachable. Pakistan, both from its place in the title and from its own importance, deserves more than a passing reference. But this is on the whole a valuable book and we commend it to all students of the history of religion.

JOHN MCKENZIE

Science and Man's Behaviour (including the complete text of *The Neurosis of Man*). By TRIGANT BURROW. (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 563 pp. $6/-)

While the 20th century witnessed amazing scientific advances in the realms of pure theory as well as technology, it also witnessed the sorry spectacle of the application of these advances to destructive purposes. At the same time certain disciplines and certain movements grew up which attempted to stem this tide of destruction and to curb the sadistic trends in human behaviour. Economists, sociologists, psychologists and psychiatrists set themselves to discover the root causes of human misbehaviour, to suggest cures for the malady and to ensure happiness for man, individually and in the mass. They have done valuable work. All credit and our gratitude to the great pioneers in these fields! But among them are many each of whom considers himself the one and only messiah, and all the rest misguided pseudo-messiahs! To this line of scientific philanthropists and harbingers of succour to afflicted humanity belongs Trigant Burrow, whose book is claimed to be a new gospel to suffering men and women. "Does Burrow think he is going to cure the world?" asked Freud when he heard of the new gospel. And Burrow's answer was, "I most certainly do."

According to him, *all* religions, *all* philosophies and *all* "political, social and economic schemes presumed to answer the need of man" (p. 121) have completely failed. What, then, is the remedy? It is phylo-biology, which the author, in collaboration with a group of researchers, has brought into existence. And phylo-biology is the science of the behaviour of the "global man," not of man as an individual (psychology), nor even of man as a social being or man as an integral part of Society (sociology), but of man as an integral part of entire humanity. We are all *mad*, says Burrow:—

> For the normal community is unconsciously agreed upon certain *cherished and untouchable madnesses common to us all*, and the individual patient is stigmatised with mental dereliction only because his deviation or neurosis is not in line with the deviation or neurosis of the wider community. (p. 319. Italics reviewer's.)

> What we ordinarily designate as "normal behaviour" is in no sense biologically sound and co-ordinated. (p. 32)

What then is the remedy? The author's remedy is outlined in essence in the Preface and Chapters I, VIII and XIV. Chapters II to VII consist of an analysis of prejudice as a social tension, and Chapters IX to XIII deal with physiological patterns of tension and their instrumental recording in the laboratory.

A main contention of the author is that there is very great need for a science of feeling. We agree. But when he goes on to say that "there is an organismic factor" and that this *biological factor* is to be found not in this individual or that, "nor in this nation or some other nation, but only in man

as a species or phylum" (p. 129), we are frankly puzzled. Throughout the book there is confusion between biological, psychological and sociological factors. The myth of the "Group-mind" has been revived. Unfortunately, well-designed and carefully conducted experiment has been vitiated by a doubtful hypothesis.

Still, the book is worth reading as it is the result of a well-intentioned effort to get to the root causes of the present world malady.

P. S. NAIDU

I Who Am: A Study of the Self. By LAWRENCE HYDE. (The Omega Press, Reigate, Surrey. 222 pp. 1954. 15*s*.)

This book is a scholarly assessment of the various approaches to the problem of the "Self," the relation of Man, Nature and God. The author analyses the scientific, philosophic and psychological standpoints with lucidity and a most penetrating eye for error and limitations, *e.g.*, the false analogies between physical and psychological processes, or the fallacy of "elementarism" (the attempt to explain things by resolving them into their components), or the one-sided deductions by exoteric Buddhism from the doctrine of *anatta* (non-ego).

But, tantalizingly, Mr. Hyde develops his constructive themes only very slightly, promising a more complete account in a future treatise. To judge from this preliminary sketch, he is working on the ancient spiritual ideas that (unrecognized for many centuries) were brought again to public notice in H. P. Blavatsky's great works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. He takes up some of those fundamental postulates, such as the incomprehensible unity between Absolute Life and differentiated being; the bipolarity of Spirit-Matter; the manifested universe as a compound of hierarchies of beings; and the final goal as not oblivion in the All, but the living synthesis of the Permanent and impermanent, the reconciliation of all opposites.

He defines the monad as "the expression of spiritual differentiation, a manifestation not of separation, but of distinctness." He indicates the doctrine of the emanating spiritual Life Ray, with which each man's real heredity is linked, and (though he does not use the actual terms) the old ideas of "theurgy" and "mediatorship." He notes the vital fact that there are two great regions outside the normal range of consciousness, one irrational, the source of psychic vitality, the second supra-rational, the source of that energy in us "that causes us to introduce harmony and order into our experience." Both must be jointly experienced, but with the first subordinate to the second.

He writes of man:

> ...as a being who is capable of being energized, at different levels, and with different degrees of intensity, by forces with which he has placed himself in relation. According to the direction in which his mind is focused he can become a libertine, a powerful and inspiring leader, an imaginative novelist, an enterprising financier, a selfless saint, a ruthless Nazi, or all manner of other things. But in every case he will remain in and for himself almost nothing, and his significance will lie only in the fact that either for good or evil he has become an instrument for the manifestation of powers that originate outside the frontiers of his own being. (p. 67)

> ...it is the *whole* that energizes and uplifts the life of the individual elements of which it is composed. Within the corporate unity they participate in a higher order of life than they would in separation from it. So community means both sacrifice and fulfilment. (p. 202)

He gives perhaps hardly enough of his views here—particularly on reincarnation, which he links with the idea of the Life Ray—to enable one to judge them fully, but appreciative readers of this book will look forward to his next with interest.

W. E. W.

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

LONDON BRANCH

[We publish below the report of an informal talk given at the London Branch of the Indian Institute of Culture on July 16th, 1954. The speaker, the **Rev. Michael Scott,** deported from South Africa for his efforts in behalf of the Africans, is now working with the African Bureau in London. He was introduced by the Chairman, Mr. John F. Shaw, Chairman of "Racial Unity," as selflessly devoted to the service of people without making any distinctions between them. Readers familiar with the *Bhagavad-Gita* will be struck by the apt closing quotation which reads like a modern paraphrase of Sri Krishna's teaching of right action without regard for its fruits.—ED.]

INDIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO AFRICA'S PROBLEMS

The Indian Institute of Culture had not made its task easier, declared the Rev. Michael Scott, by choosing to awaken public interest in current problems and to provide opportunities for acquiring information. There was no lack of news. But generally it was not presented in a way that gave the whole picture. The facts were carefully selected and arranged. Objective appraisal was hindered; it was hard to understand the problems that faced us. This was not a totalitarian country and the press was free. Yet in many respects the methods of disseminating news were more dangerous, more insidious than overt propaganda.

Ours was an age of strongly pronounced, divergent trends. Ideas making for freedom and for coercion had both gained currency. The practice of both had been widened; but especially had the machinery for coercion been vastly improved. Unity was essential to humanity if it was to survive the East-West tension, the bitter nationalisms and the egoism of big groups. Would there ever be enough unity for the rivalries of maleficent powers to be overcome? Perhaps this was an exaggerated portrayal of our world. The historical-minded might dismiss our issues as at least no more serious than those that had arisen countless times before. Surely this was too complacent a view! It was not enough to describe the human situation simply in terms of the age-old struggle between good and evil.

From the process of collectivization that had taken place, the individual's desire to reaffirm his dignity had been reawakened. *Corruptio optimi pessima* —the corruption of the best is the worst of evils. This was true of Christianity and, up to a point, of Communism too.

Communism was the result of Christianity's missed opportunities. Christian institutions had in the course of their long history become corrupt instruments of injustice and oppression. The Churches had become possessors of great wealth and defenders of the *status quo*. And now that they had lost much of their former power they had not regained their original spirit. Small wonder that, bereft of the inspiration to seek freedom, many people had come to accept a perversion of Christianity!

This was the background against which Africa's serious plight had to be considered. There, as elsewhere, more than anything else a blend was required of Western religion and Eastern wisdom. Significantly, it had happened in a small country—named for the nativity of Jesus, Natal—that an Indian lawyer had started his movement against repression, which had aimed at driving out evil by justice.

A full appreciation of the importance of Gandhi's work demanded a clear understanding of the ease with which man's religious nature could be put to corrupt ends. He had indeed achieved a synthesis of Eastern and Western religion. He had taught a way of resisting evil which was not incompatible with Christianity. His method of delivering the mind and soul from bondage required love and forgiveness for the oppressor, not hatred. Yet, like Jesus and Socrates before him, Gandhi had died at the hands of his own people.

How far had his lessons been learnt? There was little sign of emancipation in Africa yet. But it would be obtuse not to recognize some of the gains. The Indian struggle had taught the English a good deal; it had helped the growth in India of responsible self-government; and it had proved that independence could be achieved without loss of friendship. These points were very relevant to Africa today—and to the rest of the world. But it did not follow that, because Satyagraha had been successful in India, it would suffice in Africa. For example, in South Africa the passive resistance movement had been killed by the barbaric measures used against it, though Dr. Malan had not solved his problems by these means. There was a grave danger that events in Kenya foreshadowed serious violence in South Africa. The signs were not lacking.

Clearly, more thinking was required about the technique of revolution. What procedure should be adopted when the governments in question stepped outside the conventional rules of the game? We were watching more and more people get not more freedom but less, not greater responsibility but less, not a profounder respect for the value of the individual but less. In the many conferences that were held nowadays with "fraternity" as their key-note, not enough emphasis was placed on how to struggle for the right, on how mankind should emancipate itself.

Racial prejudice as such was the least of the problems to be faced. The difficulties went far deeper than mere prejudice, and nowhere could this be better seen than in South Africa. That was a state which had been built up during several generations on the assumption that one race was inherently superior to the others. Only recently, however, had this belief been buttressed by explicit economic, religious and moral sanctions. There was no place within this system for moral suasion.

This was in marked contrast to British Africa, of which it was pertinent to remember, however much we might justly criticize the institutions there, that, under them, those who were prepared to struggle for their freedom could get it. Under what other system would a politician have been taken out of prison and made Prime Minister as a result of the verdict at the polls, as in the case of Kwame Nkrumah? Mau Mau notwithstanding, it was the case that the British alone had done anything to encourage African self-expression. Experience in India had surely something to do with this. But it was also true that nothing like enough had been done yet. And the failure to do even as much as the British had was leading to the rise of quack religions in Belgian, French and Portuguese Africa.

The Rev. Michael Scott did not claim to have any ready solution to the problems as he had posed them, which extended far beyond the confines of Africa itself. In Africa, however, the large Indian communities had a heavy responsibility, placed as they were betwixt the other communities. The Indians could help greatly if they educated their less fortunate African brethren as the prelude to a joint liberation campaign in the Gandhian spirit. Unity of purpose between Indians and Africans, especially in South Africa, could alter the whole situation.

In closing his talk the Rev. Mr. Scott quoted Mr. T. S. Eliot:—

> Now, under conditions that do not seem propitious, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"——————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

India has an excellent opportunity to show the world the unanimity of her people on the *Satyagraha* doctrines of Gandhiji. Prime Minister Nehru has given a lead to the country in his usual unequivocal and sincere manner. The opportunity comes through the obtuse and unreasonable attitude of Portugal in reference to her small possessions in India. It is the moral right of the people of Goa and other small territories to request Portugal to withdraw peaceably and let the enclaves merge into India. These enclaves are Indian terrain, their population is almost wholly Indian.

Portugal's warlike attitude can be met by violent methods by the citizens of Goa, assisted by the Government of India. But in consonance with the policy of non-violence Shri Nehru has rejected the plea of extremists to end the Portuguese opposition by violent means. His method of persuading Portugal to cool down in temper, to examine the problem in a friendly spirit, and to see with the eye of reason as well as righteousness is according to the Gandhian technique. Communists and communalists fail to appreciate Shri Nehru's outlook. The people in general cannot but admire their loved leader's action. India is succeeding with the French enclaves and she is bound to triumph with those of Portugal also. There is a double victory to be gained: the unification of India with the friendly retirement of the French and the Portuguese is one; but to have attained our object by the method and technique of Gandhiji, acclaimed as the Father of the Nation, is the bigger victory. Time is on the side of India and tact, patience and friendliness are more powerful weapons than machine-guns and battleships. By her attitude and behaviour India will set an example to a world obsessed by the fear of war.

His Excellency Shri Sri Prakasa, the Governor of Madras, distinguished pertinently between culture and civilization in an address at the Madras School of Social Work on August 20th. Civilization, he said, expressed itself in the social, economic and domestic spheres. It differed with time and place. People brought up under different standards of civilization might therefore differ widely, but all cultured people were alike. "While civilization is the body," he said, "culture is the soul." Civilization was the result of knowledge, resting on research in diverse fields; culture was the result of wisdom. And wisdom, he implied, was of the heart.

For the mark of the man of culture which he suggested was not education or breadth of reading, not being widely travelled or being a connoisseur. The test was simple: the cultured man was always considerate of others. The scramble for seats in a bus might disclose a poorly dressed man as a man of culture, a well-dressed one as a person with bad manners.

To be sure, the application of this test may give a higher rating than they merit to good manners imposed by upbringing or by considerations of what is expected from one in an enviable station in life. But genuine consideration for others by whomsoever shown is an expression of innate culture.

The world looks to a man of culture for other things besides, but Shri Sri Prakasa put his finger on the basic expectation. For with the attitude of forgetfulness of self in thoughtfulness for others go naturally tact, poise and

tolerance and breadth of sympathy. And the sense of responsibility and of brotherliness must flower ultimately in serenity of heart and mellowness of mind.

Shri P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice of the Madras High Court, speaking at the Madras Christian College, Tambaram, on August 20th, stressed the importance of a spiritual background to life. It was the College Day of that institution, which he had himself attended and the subtle religious atmosphere of which he praised.

Religion, he said, was not a compartmental or periodical affair, to be found in a place of worship and to be taken up at will. Religion should unconsciously permeate life, should be the background of all activities. Indians, whatever their creed, were traditionally reflective and contemplative by nature, inclined to higher interests than material ones. It was sometimes made a charge against them. Indian youth, however, seemed today to be falling away from the old traditions of the country. Generally speaking, there was spiritual anarchy or disintegration.

We share Shri Rajamannar's hope that it is only a passing phase. Religion *per se* is the stronger for any orthodox tradition being disencumbered of superstitions and special claims and of the social evils practised in its name. But the sense of the Divine indwelling Life and of unerring Law, with universal brotherhood as their corollary and as the basis of morality, is lost by any people to its immeasurable detriment.

The true spirit of religion can be recovered by Indians' returning to the primitive, soul-satisfying philosophy of the Aryans. Asiatic psychology can supply the evidence needed for the reconstruction of crumbling faith and for the reinstatement of spiritual values as the background of everyday life, for which Shri Rajamannar called.

This year's Present Question Conference was held as usual at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from July 24th to 31st.

The purpose of this is to bring together experts in many branches of life and learning, in order that they may discuss their own approach to a given topic with the ordinary members of the Conference. The subject of this year's Conference was "Man in his Relationships"; previous Conferences have discussed such subjects as "Man's Creativeness," "Freedom and Responsibility," "Conflicts of Loyalties," and "Springs of Action." The founder of the Conference is Dr. Heinz Westmann, a well-known London physiotherapist, who with Mrs. Westmann has personally organized the annual meetings at Oxford since 1946.

At this year's Conference lectures were given on such varied aspects of the subject as "Ritual" (Prof. A. Macbeath, Belfast), "Constitution Making" (Prof. W. J. M. Mackenzie, Manchester), "Economic Interrelations" (Mr. S. Adler, Cambridge), "Inter-Personal Relations" (Dr. S. Churchill, London), and "Science and Poetic Insight" (Dr. Martin Johnson, Birmingham). A Lecture on "Gnosticism" was given by Prof. Gilles Quispel of Utrecht, and Indian thought on the subject was discussed by Dr. A. L. Basham, who spoke on the Buddhist doctrine of the personality and the teaching of both Mahāyāna and Hīnayāna Buddhism on personal relations, stressing the practical lay morality taught in the Jātakas and the *Singālovāda Sutta*.

The Conference was attended by about 150 people, of many professions, all of whom were given full opportunity of discussion in small groups, and of personal contact with the lecturers. Living together the semi-communal life of the college, the members fully realized the proclaimed purposes of the Conference—to seek "the experience of the unity and wholeness of life" and "to bring about communication."